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(Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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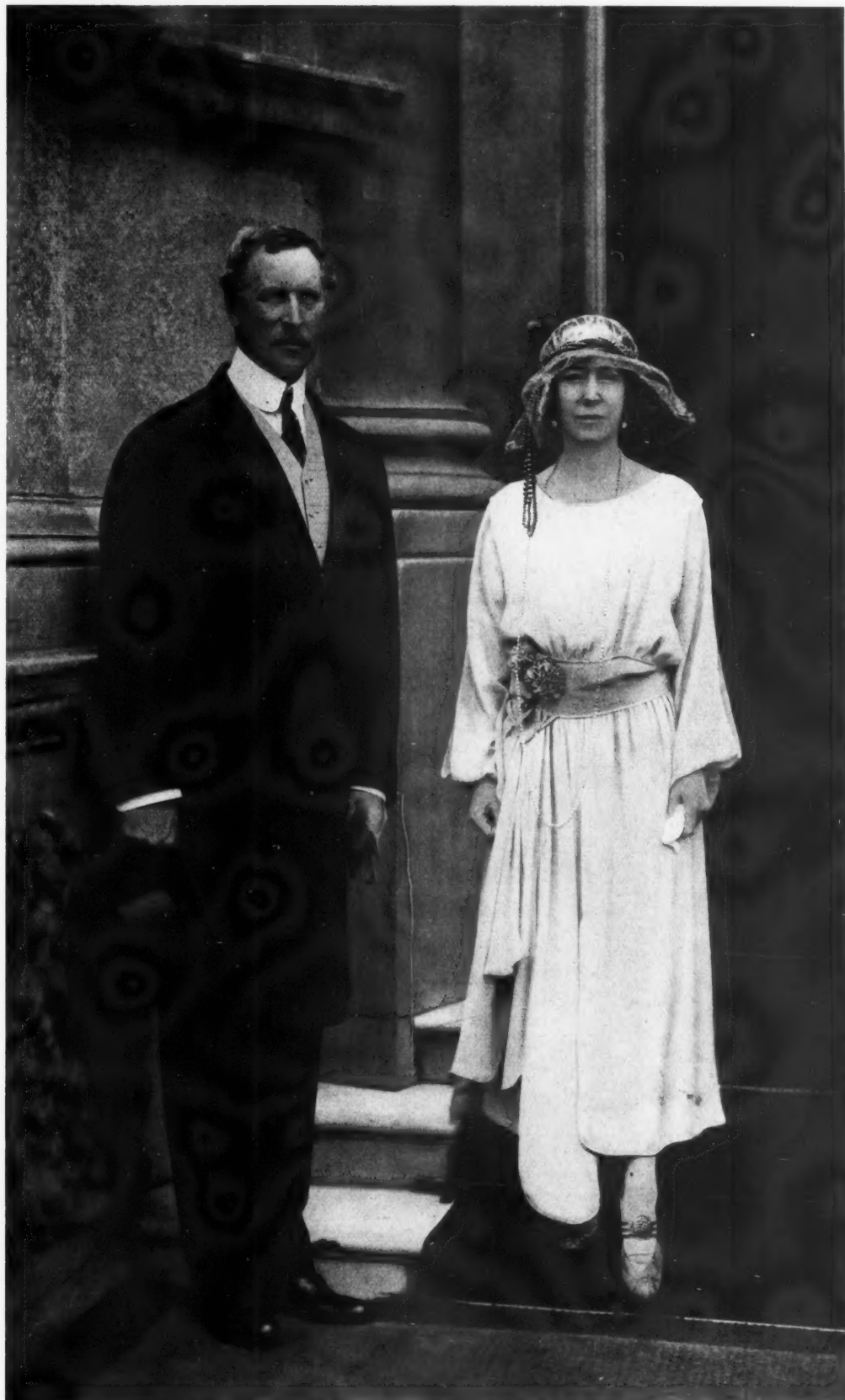
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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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DECONTROL AND GOOD HUSBANDRY

MR. PUNCH'S cartoonist rightly laid emphasis on the position of the agricultural wage-earner after decontrol as the point on which public opinion is most exercised, and the course of the House of Commons debate on the Repeal Bill has developed on the same lines. It is, nevertheless, important to remember that decontrol means the removal not of one thing, but of three—guaranteed minimum prices, the Agricultural Wages Board and control of cultivation. The last of the three is in danger of being forgotten, and the bargain between the Government and the farmers is seen, in the main, as the surrender by the farmers of guaranteed prices as the payment for freedom in fixing wages.

The national interest is, however, affected even more, perhaps, by the abolition of the moderate control of husbandry vested in the Cultivation Sub-committees of the County Agricultural Committees. It is unfortunate that these powers are so closely bound up with guarantees and wages in Part I of the Agriculture Act that they are to disappear at the same time. Farmers are discreetly rejoicing at being freed from bureaucratic control, and it is easy enough to sympathise with them. Many blunders were made by Executive Committees during the ploughing-up campaign of 1917-18—blunders inevitably resulting from the haste with which the increased arable acreage had to be secured—and Committee's orders fell into some

disrepute. The Agriculture Act severely pruned their activities, taking away the power to order ploughing up and limiting them, in practice, to the enforcement of very mild rules for good husbandry; but farmers' memories are long. The Act interposed various checks and delays so as effectually to prevent rash or unreasonable action by Cultivation Committees and their officials, while enabling them to put pressure on the demonstrably inefficient and careless farmer; but there has been no time for people to realise the limited scope of possible interference. What powers the Committees had were clearly in the interest not only of the nation, but of those farmers who are doing their best with their land. It is an offence not only against a proper level of food production, but against decent citizenship that a man should be free to leave his ditches choked and his land full of noxious weeds. His righteous neighbour will suffer as much as he. An adjoining farmer, doing his land well, will get his fields waterlogged and dirty through no fault of his own and suffer in pocket and reputation if his neighbour cannot be compelled to observe minimum rules of good husbandry. In the relief of being freed from every sort of control good farmers are forgetting that the husbandry rules in the Act were a protection to them, not a menace.

The disappearance of the Cultivation Sub-committees means, virtually, the wrecking of the administrative machine set up in the counties last year, by which all agricultural activities were brought under the direction of one body, working through sub-committees for cultivation, small holdings, diseases of animals, and, in an increasing number of counties, agricultural education also. That was a real reform, and it is to be hoped that there will be no attempt to set aside the main committees on the ground that some of their work disappears with the coming repeal of the Agriculture Act.

They afford an admirable focus for local agricultural effort, and, if maintained, will be available for carrying out whatever new policy of agricultural betterment the future may bring. The Government's bargain includes the provision of a million pounds as a grant in aid of agricultural education and research. It is one of the most heartening elements in a depressing situation that the National Farmers' Union has, by stipulating for this grant as part of the decontrol bargain, shown its faith in more scientific methods as the chief hope for the industry. The Union would have revealed a shrewder statesmanship and a keener regard for the best interests of its members if it had recognised the good husbandry powers of the Cultivation Committees as an essential part of agricultural education. The experience of the few months during which the Act has been in force shows that the Committees, consisting as they do mainly of practical farmers and landowners, have used their powers in an educational way. Their method has been to warn rather than to prosecute, and to send the Agricultural Organiser to reason with the defaulter. There is already evidence of deep disappointment among the Committees. They feel a natural chagrin that a fresh charter is to be given to the lord of the thistle and the choked ditch. The expenditure on the good husbandry labours of the Committees needed to be reduced in the interests of economy, but to restore to the lazy and the incompetent the statutory right to poison his neighbour's fields is a retrograde step.

A correspondent has suggested that County Councils should be allowed to retain the good husbandry powers in the interests of economy itself, because wantonly bad farming brings inevitably a decline in rateable value. The suggestion is reasonable, but has no chance of being carried into effect. Repeal is to be a clean cut and the innocent clauses must go with the guilty. Control is the dog with a bad name and he is to be hanged.

The Agriculture Act was passed in a fluster and is to be repealed in a panic. Some day an enlightened Minister of Agriculture will seek to re-enact those of its provisions which can be a terror to none but the evil-doer.

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COUNTRY NOTES

THE only possible attitude towards affairs in Ireland at the moment of writing is one of hope. The more we all hope for the best, the greater the chance of a real step towards settlement. Too much importance must not be attached to the fraternising of the two parties before the formal truce was declared; nor to Dublin's outburst of enthusiasm for General Macreedy, who, a few days ago, must have been one of the best hated men in Ireland. The state of tension under which Irish men and women have lived lately would, naturally, produce such sudden and rather bewildering displays of emotion. But when a man once stops fighting he is not at all anxious to begin again, and so it is a great thing that there should be a truce. Similarly, even if some of Mr. de Valera's remarks do not appear very conciliatory, it is a great thing that he should come here to confer. We are not forgetting Ulster, nor those who have faithfully stood by the Union in the South, when we say that there are reasonable grounds to hope for an honourable peace.

IT was both a wise and gracious act on the part of the King and Queen to visit the Channel Islands, which are among the most loyal, as they are among the most interesting, of the King's Dominions. They have retained their own ancient institutions, their own form of military service, their own language. They have always shown a sturdy independence of mind and character and have combined a devotion to England with a sentimental attachment to their Norman descent. The one cause for regret about the Royal visit is that there was no time for Their Majesties to visit Sark. Queen Victoria tried to do so, but the sea by a disloyal roughness prevented her landing, and no British King or Queen has set foot there. It is a pity; but the King's time is precious and he crowds into it an enormous amount of hard work. Of this fact we have been well reminded by Lord Derby in his remarks on the Prince of Wales' Lancashire tour. He declared that something should be done "to prevent the Prince doing what he is only too ready to do in giving up the whole of his time and health to the people and the country." We should not perhaps need such a reminder, but it is well that it should have been given us.

AN experiment that may have far-reaching results is to be tried by three London hospitals, St. Thomas', the London and the Royal Free Hospital. It has already been tried in Brighton, and if it succeeds on this bigger scale it should largely revolutionise the work of hospitals and confer a boon on people of small means. This scheme will be confined to those having not more than £260 a year or, in the case of families, £500 for a married couple with children and £400 for a childless couple or a widow with one child. For a yearly subscription of £1, £2 and 30s. respectively, according to their respective categories, the subscribers will have free consultations and treatment which will include ordinary dentistry. When the case is urgent they will be admitted to hospital. If they cannot leave their beds they will be treated at home for a slight additional payment.

Where prospective patients are engaged in works or factories it can be arranged that their subscriptions should be deducted from their weekly wages. The hospitals hope, of course, to profit by increasing their incomes, for they need money as much as they deserve it. For poor people who have the strength of mind to set aside something for this form of insurance against illness this scheme should be a very real blessing, and its development will be watched with the greatest interest.

MR. H. A. L. FISHER'S story of Foch, told at the opening of the Institute of Historical Research of London University, was as wise as it was apt. Someone asked the illustrious soldier and ex-professor if, on the field of battle, he ever thought of his academic studies. "No," said Foch, "but they gave me confidence." The occasion was the opening of the temporary buildings of the institute equipped at the cost of £20,000 by an anonymous donor. Mr. Fisher had just been discoursing on a grave theme—the richness of London as a centre for historical research. London has had good fortune beyond that of any great Continental city—above all immunity from foreign occupation. For centuries her records have been accumulating and, as Mr. Fisher pointed out, "Apart from the archives stored in the Record Office and the Government departments there is the incomparable collection of books and manuscripts contained in the British Museum." Surely there is no place on earth more fitted to become a centre for historical research. In Professor Pollard the new Institute will have a most learned and suitable Director.

A CHILD IN SUSSEX.

There was a pleasant country long ago,
Where cowslips grew upon the rounded hills,
And near them, row on row,
A yellow riot, when the breezes blow,
Of daffodils.

The sheep-bells sounded in the close-cropped combe
And shadows, born of drifting clouds, would stray;
While all and every day
Small, fairy folk at play
Danced in the grassy rings and wove a loom
Of song and story, so that children may
Remember, when grim Time has brought each heart
To dwell with age apart,
How, long ago, they saw the daffodils
Upon the rounded hills.

These things have been
And though on moss-grown stone a name is seen
That ends the fairy tale . . .

There shall be found
Beneath the yew, as in the weald and vale,
Young joy that cannot fail,
And hope, that cannot sink beneath the ground
Nor by cold Death be bound.

MABEL LEIGH.

GARDENERS who have had their supply of vegetables ruined by the drought should remember 1914. Late in the year though it was when war was declared, those who foresaw a shortness of food set to work in August putting in seeds for which spring had been considered the only time. Some excellent results were achieved. Fresh and delightful vegetables were grown so well that they lasted through the winter. This year it is not war but drought we have to deal with, and we commend to gardening readers Mr. Miles' interesting letter on our correspondence page. The drought has burned up or otherwise injured many important crops. There is still time to replace such as carrots, beets, onions and various kinds of brassica. Small varieties of onion will do well if sown now. In carrots, a shorthorn type should be chosen and may be depended upon to yield useful roots well into the spring. There is no need to pit them, they are fresher and more palatable if left in the ground till required. Globe or turnip-rooted beets should also be sown. If proper precautions are taken it is easy to germinate any of these seeds. Make a fine bed, which should be richer than in the spring. Drench it with

water—diluted liquid manure is better still—a couple of hours before sowing. After sowing shelter from the sun with herbage that has not seeded. Keep the ground shaded and moist till the seedlings appear and nature will do the rest. Even if there is no rain, the nights are growing longer and the dew heavier.

EVERY thoughtful citizen will join in the cry for more scientific research which has been raised with regard to the Universities. Many problems continue to baffle the student. For example, no explanation has been given of the disease of "reversion" which for some years has been a terror to growers of the black currant—a most important crop. The best official advice is to destroy bushes which show traces of the disease and use for propagation only cuttings from those that are sound. Even then it will be necessary to examine the young plantation frequently and carefully so that doubtful stems may be pulled up and burnt. In regard to milk and dairy products the need is not so much for more knowledge as for such precautions as will ensure that what knowledge we have is acted upon. The clean dairy is still the exception and not the rule. Impurities in milk are so common and gross that they can be detected by the clumsiest means, and the vigilance of those who are supposed to overlook the dairies in the cause of purity leaves much to seek.

MANY and warm congratulations are due to Mr. Punch, who this month celebrates his eightieth birthday and is, in the words of a familiar advertisement, "still going strong." Though the tale of his years may astonish some people, quite as many will be surprised to hear that he is only eighty after all, for it is difficult, and not at all pleasant, to imagine England without him. Like other people, in the course of a long life he has had his ups and downs, but under the care of Sir Owen Seaman he has renewed his youth, or, perhaps we should say, his early middle age, and is as gay and cheerful a companion as ever he was. It is one of the pleasantest features of such a birthday that we can at once enjoy the company of Mr. Punch as he is now that he is eighty and as he was when he was thirty or forty or fifty. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins and Lady Midas, Grigsby and Sir Pompey Bedell, best of all dear Mr. Briggs, whether he is trying to stalk the deer in the Highlands or having that little alteration made to his house by the builder, are old friends that can be summoned at will. Many of us are most grateful to *Punch* not when we pick it up casually from the club table week by week, but when we settle down to a long, serious, delightfully lazy reading of old bound volumes in a big armchair. May there be many more such volumes in the years to come.

NOT for a long time has there been a better or more dramatic Eton and Harrow match than last week's. This may seem strange to those who were not there and only read that Eton won by seven wickets, but the mere result gives no clue to the number of intensely exciting moments. Harrow lost the match when, in a fit of stage-fright, they tumbled out before Allen, Brand and Coventry for 64 in the first innings, but they made a most gallant effort to pull the match round and very nearly succeeded. When Eton with 122 to win had lost three wickets for 27, and those three wickets had fallen very quickly one after another, almost anything might have happened, and the sturdy courage and coolness with which Lawrie and Cox faced this crisis was as fine as anything that has been seen in the match for years. It is their names that will be best remembered on the Eton side, and for Harrow certainly that of L. G. Crawley and probably that of Kinahan. Crawley is a good name for a Harrow cricketer and he played an admirable and resolute innings that might have won the match. As his score crept upwards in the nineties Eton scarcely less than Harrow longed for him to get his hundred, and there was a great scene when the last fateful run came. Kinahan obtained his immortality on cheaper terms by hitting two gorgeous "sixers" high over the tops of the carriages from two consecutive balls of Brand's. As was inevitable he tried to do it once too often, but his innings was a real joy while it lasted.

THE crowd at Lord's was very big, and if on Friday, when the match seemed one-sided, the garden-party element perhaps predominated, on Saturday all the interest was in the cricket itself. When Eton went in to get the runs in the fourth innings and looked for a moment as if they might collapse and fail, many old boys, old enough no doubt to know better, found the watching almost too painful a pleasure. It is sometimes urged that Lord's provides an unhealthy environment for a school match, and that it is bad for boys to be the objects of so much, public attention. It is a stern view, but there is a good deal to be said for it. On the other hand, it is the whole setting of the match, the crowd, the shouting and the excitement that make the test of courage and endurance, qualities which are fostered by games but are valuable in much greater things. The thousands who stood before the pavilion chanting "We want Lawrie" and "We want Cox" had, by their presence, made the achievement of these two intrepid young gentlemen so much the more difficult and so the more praiseworthy. The question of the balance of advantages and disadvantages must be left to schoolmasters to determine, but the world in general would be the sadder if—an almost unthinkable event—there were no Eton and Harrow at Lord's.

WINDFLOWERS.

Some will name them windflowers
Some (and these are few)
Speak about anemones
As if they really knew.
But you, oh you are wiser,
You know them—Venus' Tears
Shed for young Adonis
In the long grey years.

Some have named her "Beauty's Queen"
Others "fickle jade"
You have seen her sorrow, white—
Gleaming in the glade,
You have seen the woodland track
That she trod distress't
She, who sprang rejoicing,
From the waves white crest.

You may gather flowers of May,
Buttercups, and broom
Knowing that your lady's flower
Would wither in a room,
You may gather hyacinth
Yet—if you are wise—
You will leave the dewy, white
Blossom of her eyes.

BARBARA E. TODD.

THE golfer now beginning his summer holiday would, had he been permitted, have taken with him several new ribbed irons, hoping, after the manner of Jock Hutchison, to make the ball stop on the cast-iron turf. He will be spared that possibly fruitless expense because the Rules of Golf Committee have declared clubs "corrugated, grooved or slotted" to be illegal. There will be two opinions as to the wisdom of this step. The multiplication of laws, some of them probably calling for further judicial decisions on particular cases, is *prima facie* to be deprecated, and it is arguable that it would be wiser to let a man play with whatever kind of club or ball he fancied. At any rate, the Committee has shown the courage of its convictions, and it is a body of good golfers whose decisions are actuated by a genuine respect and affection for the game. Most of us have not grown fond enough of ribbed clubs to regret their passing. What we do regret is that one or two people have written of Hutchison's victory in the Open Championship as if it had been won not by good play but by a kind of juggling with illicit instruments. Hutchison is a very fine player; he played with legitimate clubs and he would approach finely with any club, though naturally by a different method. Some of the criticisms made would, in any case, have been indiscreet and ungracious, and, in the opinion of most good judges who saw the play, they have not even the merit of being true.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND HIS PARTY IN SOUTHERN SUDAN.—I



THE PARTY.

EARLY in 1921 the Duke of Sutherland made an expedition to the Sudan for big-game shooting and other purposes which really was rather remarkable. It was remarkable because it achieved, to the limit of reasonable expectation, all its objects, and when the duke came home he told the truth about it. The reader possibly will complain that he is defrauded of his just due, for the bull elephant is not always charging nor the lion being killed within six feet of the hunter as it is about to make its final and fatal spring. Even the buffalo, scarcely lives up to its established reputation for playing the amusing game of the hunter hunted. There were some thrilling moments, nevertheless. The "other purposes" of the duke's design, besides the shooting of big beasts, were to make some acquaintance with the country itself and the people in it and to bring back some useful information about them. The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from photographs taken by the duke himself and by the duchess.

The party consisted of the duke and duchess and Lord and Lady Maidstone. They left England on January 15th for Khartoum, and it was at Khartoum that their enterprise really started. They had already arranged to hire from the Sudan Government one of its small river steamers, called the *Lord Cromer*, a name associated with some of the very best records of British influence in Egypt and also with its one most tragic failure. The illustration, of which the fore-

the hauling ashore of a hippopotamus, shot from the bank, gives an idea of the craft which was their headquarters for some weeks.

The duke left everything in the hands of the Sudan Government, who engaged the men and hired the donkeys and bought provisions. Thus the men were the Government's servants and looked to the Government for their pay. The best possible proof that this way of managing was good is that it succeeded admirably. We hear of no trouble. In fact, the whole expedition seems to have gone on velvet, a magic carpet seldom so fortunately spread before the feet of the African big-game shooter. One has a suspicion that the party brought to it minds happily tempered to see all the pleasant and be blind to the reverse, which is the only right spirit for adventure. Moreover, they laid their plans wisely, and so deserved well of Fate. They went at the right time of year for a Sudan expedition, that is to say, in the dry time. The virtue of this selection of the season is that the grass, as that high stuff is called over which a

tall man often cannot see, is comparatively short, as the natives burn it at that season, when it is dry, and also that the game, finding little water inland, come to the river as their only drinking place. The Nile here has numerous khors, or, as we should say in a chalk-stream country, carriers, but on an immensely larger scale than our carriers. These, penetrating inland, supply water for the game to drink except at the dry time, when they fail, and then lions, antelope, buffalo and



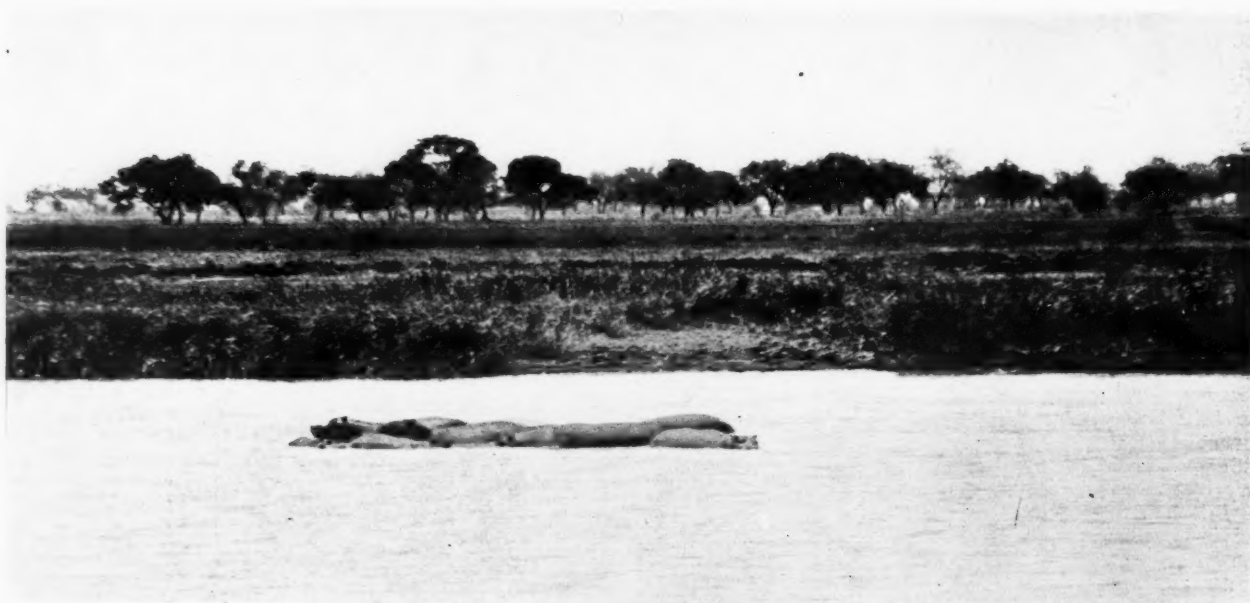
THE DEAD HIPPO.



ON DONKEY BACK.



A MIXED HERD OF WHITE-EARED KOB AND TIANG ON THE BAHR-EL-ZARAF



A SCHOOL OF HIPPO.

elephant have to come to the great river. There are several of the illustrations which give an idea of the country that the party traversed, either on foot or on donkeyback, when they went ashore. It was not until after a week or so of steaming slowly up-river against a strong current, that they came to country in which it was worth while looking for game. The pace of the upstream going of the *Lord Cromer* was, on the average, about six miles an hour. That gives roughly their distance from Khartoum when they began to think seriously of shooting. The duke's battery was a .350 Rigby for everything except elephant (as a matter of fact, one elephant was killed with this relatively small-game weapon), a .470 Manton (cordite) and a .577 Holland and Holland (cordite). The last was for elephant specially.



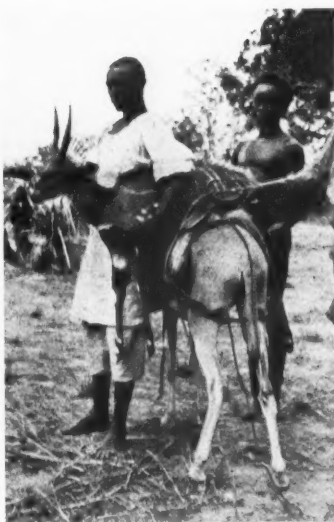
A WHITE-EARED KOB WATCHING THE STEAMER.



A HERD OF ELEPHANTS.

The men that the Government engaged for them were Khartoum natives—these were the headmen and crew—and Sudanese. In one or two of the pictures it may be seen that some of the men wear the turban, the generally distinctive Arab headgear; others are either bareheaded or in the close-fitting cap that the Sudanese wear. The gun-bearers and trackers were all Baggara Arabs that they picked up at Renk on their way south. All seem to have done their work well and without more grumbles than were only human.

Now, the special fortune of the expedition, that came as a kindly crown to the well laid plans, was that the season was a peculiarly dry one—abnormally dry even for the driest time of the year. This meant that the game was driven to come from even farther away from the river than usual to that great and unfailing supply of water; that the grass was shorter even than it commonly is at that time of year; and, finally, as an incalculable blessing, that they enjoyed



PACK DONKEY AND BUSHBUCK.

a freedom from mosquitoes which was most exceptional. In these happy conditions they went through this land of the giant grass, which is almost everywhere on a dead level. Here and there grew a row of low trees, such as are seen in the picture of the mixed herd of white eared kob and tiang watching the steamer as it went up the Bahr-el-Zaraf. Sometimes the trees were in fuller leaf, as in the view, taken from the boat, of the school of hippopotami; but always they seem to have this singular appearance of having been planted in an irregular row, perhaps following the course of some small stream or vein of moister soil. The general character is well shown in the picture wherein the white-eared kob is standing as if it were specially posing for its photograph to be taken. But the most remarkable picture of this kind is that of the herd of elephants with the men in the foreground. This was a great herd of bull elephants which had come from a long way inland to drink at the river.

At that statement one asks, of course, "How did they know that this herd came from so far?" and the answer is that the local men had a tolerably good acquaintance with the riverine herds, those that had their ordinary habitat within easy distance from the river, and knew that this happy band of bachelors was not of these. They only stayed there, or were only encountered, for two days or so after the duke's expedition arrived where they were; but during that short time they suffered loss from the rifles of the party, which, perhaps, made them realise that it was an unhealthy neighbourhood and that they had better quit.

The southern limit reached by the expedition in the steamer was Rejef (or Rejaf). At times they were steaming through the sudd, that abominable condensed mass of mud and vegetation which is neither land nor water, through which a boat cannot go and yet would let a man through if he tried to walk on it. But so far as they went there was always a free channel for steaming, though the mass of sudd might lie on one or both sides of the channel.

Near Rejef is a very remarkable geographical figure, quite exceptional in that land of nearly dead level plain. It is a roughly conical hill of volcanic origin as is supposed, of some six hundred feet high. In that plain country and clear atmosphere the view from it is wonderful, quite unimpeded by any neighbouring elevation on any side. On the south the course of the river is seen as it winds—in one place duplicating itself into two passages—towards far distant Lake Albert Nyanza, and northward towards Lado and Gondokoro. To west and east the great grassy plains stretch, featureless and endless, to the eye; but already, at this point, the traveller is really close to a country of a quite different character, in the broken uplands of Uganda.

In all, the trip covered some twelve thousand miles measured from London and back again. Besides making the direct journey to Rejef, the most southern point touched, they made expeditions up the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Bahr-el-Zaraf. They found the condition of the native tribes that they came in contact with better than could have been hoped after some rather

recent troubles. It was not much more than twelve months before the date of their visit that Mr. Stigand, Governor of the Upper Nile, had been killed there, in the brave endeavour to compose the feud of two warring tribes; and, in fact, the Duke of Sutherland shot a good water buck almost on the very spot where the Governor had been done to death. Probably he paid the penalty of over-boldness, for he was going before his own small body of men, leading them, when he was killed by spears thrown from assailants whom the long grass perfectly

concealed. Had he only waited until the grass was dry enough to burn before advancing he would probably not have met his death thus cruelly. The duke's party, however, found all quiet, the natives friendly with each other, disposed to assist the expedition and appearing to take an interest in it, an interest which was enormously increased after the shooting in a single day of five elephants. They came from far and near then to feast on the savoury carcasses—continually growing more savoury under the tropical sun—actually getting inside the bodies of the great beasts, as it were Jonah within the whale, and so eating from the inside, as a maggot might eat its way in a cheese—a horrible spectacle! But, though their "table manners," so to say, might be open to criticism, politically, socially and economically they seemed to be well to do, according to their own ideas, although the season was so abnormally dry.

The above may serve, with the pictures that help to explain it, to give a general idea of this country of the Southern Sudan, of the way in which the expedition travelled by river and on land, and of the purposes aimed at and achieved. A second article will deal more with the shooting, giving illustrations of some of the good trophies, especially of the white rhinoceros which it was the duke's particular ambition to bag. He was fortunate in getting a very good specimen of this and also of one or two other typical South Sudanese animals. They brought back alive a leopard cub and one or two other pets which they gave to the Cairo "Zoo," and brought back a tame (more or less) monkey and mongoose to this country.

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VOLCANIC HILL NEAR REJEF.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH

By THE HON. R. H. LYTTETON.

THE present season's cricket has had some depressing features, too many runs, except when England bats against Australia, bowlers overworked and a low standard of cricket in this country, except at the Universities. The University match is generally a cheerful sort of game, and this year it even made us forget for a time the dismal tape messages of failure, bad luck and illness that came in hourly from Leeds. The weather, of course, was hot, and the wicket had just that little bit of kick in it that was enough to keep up the spirits of bowlers; but fielding was very difficult, as there was not much grass and the clay soil was rough for a cricket ground.

To win the toss is always important, and Cambridge had lost this for the seven consecutive previous matches; but this year they made the most of their opportunity. A great deal of their success was due to Mr. Bryan, who played, with Mr. Hubert Ashton, the soundest innings of the match. He had the best of the Oxford bowling, but stayed in for two hours and showed not only excellent defence, but fine hitting and always at the right ball; one sixer over the ropes on the on side was one of the hardest hits of the season. He was out just before luncheon, and after this was over the fun began. Mr. Hubert Ashton and Mr. Chapman are most attractive batsmen and both scored fast. Mr. Chapman is one of those cheerful cricketers who play the game as if they were out to enjoy themselves. He can field anywhere, catch anything in reason, both in the slips or in the deep, run like a stag and return the ball with the sort of underhand throw that is so beautiful to see. At the beginning of the season he had developed a painful habit of trying to force fast off balls past cover with the weight on the left foot and with a horizontal bat. This he has to a large extent got out of, but he is always a fast scorer, though for a few overs he looked like getting out any ball. But his off driving and leg hitting off

the fast bowling is splendid to watch. The two youngest Ashtons, after Mr. Chapman had scored forty-five in fifty-five minutes, put on ninety-nine runs, and Mr. Claude Ashton might easily develop into a Test Match player if he can cure himself of a nibbling sort of play to some balls on the off side. Mr. Hubert Ashton played a grand innings, with all the fine, straight driving power that was common in old days and which would have delighted the soul of Mr. H. K. Foster, who was having a dismal time at Leeds instead. The Oxford fielding was very fine on the ground, but two catches were missed which were expensive, as Mr. Gibson and Mr. Doggart were enabled thereby to put on eighty-four runs. The Oxford bowling, with the exception of Mr. Robertson Glasgow, was lacking in accuracy, and both Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bettington bowled more loose balls than they did last year. Mr. Stevens seems to try too many tricks and he would be far more useful if he concentrated more on length, for he can turn the ball naturally.

Four hundred runs is a heavy weight to carry, especially when two bowlers as accurate and with as good length as Mr. Marriott and Mr. Gibson are against you. Mr. Bickmore played a ball on to his foot and was out very unluckily, and Mr. Jardine was beautifully taken in the slips. The match might almost be said to have been lost for Oxford after the first three wickets had fallen for thirty. Mr. Holdsworth and Mr. Ward both played extremely well, but after luncheon Mr. Marriott took command, and, though Mr. Hedges made some beautiful off drives, nobody looked like staying. Mr. Marriott's analysis after luncheon must be commemorated, sixty-four balls, fifteen runs, five wickets; and, Mr. Stevens was unlucky to have for his very first probably the best ball of all.

When Oxford were out in the first innings 253 runs behind, I was one of a group of old cricketers in the Pavilion, and we discussed the question whether the Cambridge captain should make

Oxford follow on or send Cambridge in again to bat. The majority were against me, but I confess that I thought that Cambridge should have gone in again. There was no prospect of rain, but on the third day there was a chance of the wicket crumbling, and on such a wicket I prefer to see my enemies bat. In these days you never can tell how many runs a side can make, and there was a batsman of the calibre of Mr. Bettington going in No. 8 who was No. 1 last year.

However, Mr. Gilbert Ashton knew what he was doing; though when sixty-four runs were up for no wickets, one of our party said that I might be right after all. After Mr. Jardine was out things went wrong for Oxford, and Cambridge were lucky to get wickets with balls that merited something very different. Mr. Bickmore, after a fine innings in which he showed great power in his back play, got out off a long hop. Mr. Lowndes took a careful inspection of the position of the field, especially of Mr. Chapman standing at deep square leg, and then hit a slow full pitch of Mr. Bryan's straight to his hands, and Mr. Chapman does not put such catches on the floor. Mr. Hedges allowed another full pitch from

Mr. Bryan to hit his leg and was l.b.w., while Mr. Ward hit the longest of long hops well and hard to leg, and Mr. Fiddian Green made a grand catch. This was a great piece of good fortune, but luck is always on the side of the top dog. On the third day Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bettington both played well for a time, but Mr. Marriott and Mr. Gibson both kept their length and the match was soon over.

We are forced, just now, to have to quote Australia when we want to describe efficiency. In fielding, however, nothing the Australians have done has been better than that of Cambridge in this match. If I put Oxford only a very small way behind, it is because in the slips Cambridge were slightly superior. All three Ashtons were superb, as was Mr. Chapman, and only one very difficult chance was missed. There was hardly a weak spot, and Mr. Bryan was first rate at short leg to Mr. Marriott's bowling. Oxford were very good, but they dropped three or four catches. Mr. Hedges and Mr. Bickmore were splendid, and if any match can produce two such cover points as Mr. Hedges and Mr. Gilbert Ashton, may I be there to see it.

QUO VADIS EUROPA?

BEING LETTERS OF TRAVEL FROM THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE IN THE YEAR 1921.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

X.—FROM BERLIN (I).

OLD men and war cripples as porters at the station, dirty streets encumbered by hawkers and their wares, strings of pitiful beggars shaking their hands and exposing mortified limbs—can this be Berlin, Berlin the prim, the orderly, the clean? Something has happened here in seven years, some sort of psychological change has been wrought in the mind of a people. Here, as in some Slav country, there are laws and they are not kept, regulations and they are not observed. Unshaven men and ill washed women on the streets, and dowdy, hatless girls with dirty hair crowding into cheap cinema theatres! A city that had no slums and no poor in 1914 now becoming a slum *en bloc*. And the litter on the roadways! You will not find its like in Warsaw. You must seek comparisons in the Bowery of New York or that part of the city of Westminster called Soho. The horse has come back to Berlin to make up for the loss of motors, and needs more scavengers to follow him than the modern municipality can afford.

Not that Berlin has broken down in any way. It is the same great hive of industrialism. Everyone is employed. More are employed than before. The leisured class is smaller. All the workshops and factories and offices are full. The shops display as many wares. There is evidence of an enormous overflowing productivity. Cheap lines of goods run out in hawkers' barrows are auctioned on the pavement, also measures of cloth for suits, overcoats, soaps, stationery. Trams, buses, railways, all are used to the last seat and standing room. And the working people are thinking about their work and their wages and their homes and their beer—and not about the Peace Treaty and the latest move of France for their destruction.

It is sad to see the broken-down old fellows as porters at the railway stations panting with heavy trunks, and the same type among gangs of navvies repairing the roads. They ought to be seated at home with pipe and newspaper and easy slippers instead of earning a living still as a drudge. It is a convention to give your bag to a porter at a station, and in Germany you usually give it to a man much older and weaker than yourself, and you are moved to help him to carry it as in his infirmity he struggles along. What a contrast to the stalwart porters of Prague, or Rome, or Brussels. Poor wights! It is they who are paying for the war. Sightless soldiers led by little children come selling you sticking-plaster in the restaurants. Germany is too poor to care for them. It is they who are paying for the war. You see Hugo Stinnes and his like with a suite of rooms at the Adlon or driving luxuriously along the Unter den Linden, the Kaiser way, without the dignity of a Kaiser. They are not paying very much—

Most active, thinking people are to-day working for the reconciliation of Europe, and the greatest obstacle to reconstruction lies in a resentful, half-crushed and continually harassed Germany. Berlin is a heart of ill-will, and the heart must somehow be changed. Some will, no doubt, say it is Paris that has the ill-will toward the peace of Europe—change the heart of Paris and all will go well. But even if France embarked on a policy of friendly tolerance toward Germany, it would be long before Berlin was converted. However that may be, it was naturally with a hope of sharing in the long task of reconciliation that I visited Germany. Many Englishmen have a soft spot in their hearts for the Germans; perhaps it is instinct of race, or it may be merely good sportsmanship—

I am not one of those who will not shake Fritz' hand
Now that the war is done.

as a soldier poet has expressed it.

I was told of a young German who set in front of himself the goal of a reconciled Europe. I would work to the same end

in London. It only remained to find a similar devoted type in Paris to work from the French end, and we should have a triumvirate that might achieve the impossible. Somehow the desirable Frenchman ready to devote his life to that cause was not forthcoming—and that deficiency I suppose was symptomatic of Europe's disease. For my part, I have made my journey of Europe and taken a good look at that which it is proposed to reconcile. At the end I came to Berlin and Paris, the two main centres of the modern world. In Germany, naturally, I sought the German who was ready to work un- stintedly from the German side for the same cause.

I had never met him, but I pictured an idealist, one who had suffered in the war and felt the folly of it all, who deplored the egoism of nations, and had found a way to devote himself to humanity as a whole. How mistaken I was! It is our weakness as a nation to think of a foreigner merely as a sort of Englishman who does not speak our tongue or know our conventions. So was it with me, and I soon found myself up against a real live German, a man of a type you would not find either in London or Paris. It was a disillusion. Here was a man obviously unsuited by his national nature for the part for which he was cast. I could not see in him the potentiality of a saviour of Europe. Because of him I surmise that Germany will not do much to save Europe. Perhaps she has not even the ability to save herself.

My German helper was a tall, handsome young man with an open countenance and an engaging smile. He had done war service for the Fatherland on several fronts in several capacities. Among other things he had been Commandant of a prisoners of war camp, where British officers were really treated kindly and a most pleasant relationship existed between the command on the one hand and the prisoners on the other. He showed me photographs of himself with British officers, and he mentioned it as a matter of pride that our fellows asked for "Deutschland uber alles" to be sung one night, and they stood reverently to attention through the performance. This was followed by "God Save the King," which the Germans honoured in the same way. It was explained to me that "Deutschland uber alles" does not mean "Germany over everybody else," but "Germany first of all!" as one says "My country, right or wrong." The prisoners must, somehow, have got rather low-spirited to sing it. W—, however, saw in it evidence of what a happy family party Germans and English could be, if they liked. He was undoubtedly pro-English, had been to Oxford, had, perhaps, a quiver of an Oxford accent in his English; he had studied England, as Germans do, and made considerable social research among us. His wife was openly and unreservedly friendly. He, however, was cautious and corrected his wife when she said too much or went too far.

It had been a great blow to them when England came into the war, a personal and a national blow. They could not have believed it possible. And they imagined throughout the war that their friends in England did not share in the wild anti-German feeling and must, at least passively, be pro-German. Of course it was not so. They deplored the extraordinary lapse in tone in the *Morning Post* and the *Times*. "The *Times* actually refers to us as 'Huns.' At least it can be said of our Press, high or low, it never nicknamed its enemies. French were always French, English English, Russians Russians. It was beneath the dignity of the war to call our enemies names." He was amazed at the ignorance concerning the Germans, and the credulity, such as that of Lord Robert Cecil, who believed they boiled their dead to make lard. I told him of the German Ambassador's reception in London, Dr. Stamer, how he was received by certain people in society and many were well disposed

towards him, though at first he had difficulty in getting things done for him by the British working-class.

"And you—you'll go anywhere in Germany, and everyone will be only too ready to help you, to do your washing and clean your boots and the rest," said W— reproachfully. "We are so good-natured."

He had forgotten that the Germans failed to ingratiate themselves with the London working-class by dropping so many bombs in the East End and terrorising whole districts. He did not know the air raids had had much effect.

"They had an unfortunate psychological effect."

"Well, you don't forgive us."

"On the contrary, the generality of Englishmen forgive Germany now she is down."

My friend perceptibly winced at the word "down." I used the wrong word. But it is true enough.

"We know that the Quakers are our friends and the pacifists," said he. "We are thankful for their friendship, but we need to win over the other people. Make the business people feel that the Versailles Peace is bad business, and the Imperialists that it is bad for Empire."

"They know that already, that it is not good for business and not very good for the Empire. What we have to get over is something psychological—the belief in 'the dirty Hun,' the belief in German trickery and spite."

He had never heard of that sentence which is a motto in Carmelite Street: "They'll cheat you yet, those Junkers."

There is a genuine belief among the English masses that the Germans are cheating us, that they are pretending to demobilise and keeping a large army in secret readiness, pretending to be unable to pay "Reparations," not taxing themselves, faking their figures—

W— and several others whom I met in Germany put it in the foreground of the work to be done for re-establishing Germany in the comity of nations that it should be proved that Germany was not responsible for the beginning of the war.

In debating this the German disclosed himself. I had a suspicion he might have said England began it if I had been other than an Englishman. Edward VII, who arranged the Entente Cordiale, had evidently something to do with it. As I am a known warm friend of Russia, he could not say Russia began it. His mind turned to a more obscure nation.

"To think that Europe should thus have been ruined and all those millions of lives lost," said he, "just for stupid little Serbia."

I am afraid I could not agree to that. The Devil began it. What does it matter now? Nobody cares. The present and the future hold the potentialities of happiness rather than the past. To discuss the past you'd have to raise the dead on both sides.

England is not interested in history, but she is interested in actuality.

Mr. Lloyd George has said that the German is not being taxed by his Government in the proportion that the British are taxed by theirs—far from it. Figures have been given in the Press. And they have not been refuted by the Germans. The Germans hold that they are being taxed so heavily that a maximum has been reached. W—, who was well off before the war, has lost his income now, has taken a staff post at the Ministry of Trade and gets 20,000 marks a year. He ought to pay a heavy income tax on that. Yes, but it is only eighty pounds a year in English money, and he has a wife and two children to keep on it. There are tens of thousands of professional men in the same plight. Some of the very rich arrange matters to avoid some of the heavy dues. And as regards the working class, it is notoriously hard to raise money from them by direct taxation.

"Then it is said that you are running your railway and postal services at a loss. And that is obviously true. England has raised her rates and made her public pay. She thinks Germany should also."

To this it is replied that Germany does not believe in obstructing the ready movement of people and of intelligence in her country. She thinks it bad policy to charge highly for railway fares and letter postage. What is gained by extra charges is more than lost through business being hampered.

"These are points which you educated Germans should elucidate through the British Press," said I. "The idea that Germany escapes taxation is a very unfavourable one in England. It is much more important than the rights or wrongs of the old war."

W—, who receives the *Nation* regularly, nevertheless did not think any English paper would print what he might write on the theme.

I visited, among others, Baumfelder, the editor of the *European Press*, once dropped from aeroplanes among our lines under the title of the *European Times*, but now under entirely new management, though still a propagandist sheet. It makes one blush to see English newspapers on German bookstalls with "HUNS LATEST WHINE" in large letters staring at the Germans as they pass. One would think there would be considerable scope for a good German daily printed in the English language. The *European Press* has therefore many possibilities.

Here, however, you find little that is helpful. I am all for truth. It is the best type of propaganda—the only type that is not loathsome. And surely there is enough in the domain

of the simple truth about Europe and Germany to touch men's hearts, while—

there groans a world in anguish

Just to teach us sympathy.

I hoped Herr Baumfelder would make his paper into a living journal which all would be glad to buy in order to know the facts of the hour in Germany. At present it is running the sexual libel on the Black troops on the Rhine and appealing to the racial prejudices of Whites against Blacks. Or it prints the verbal violence of some mad-hatter of a president of German patriots who does not believe the editor of the *Spectator* when he says, "We for our part can honestly say that ever since the Armistice we have wanted to create an atmosphere helpful to Germany."—"You, the murderers of hundreds of thousands of innocent German children, dare to publish such a deliberate falsehood," says the president. "You are practically sodden with falsehood and hypocrisy."

No doubt the president of the L.G.P. has lost money in the war and has an especial grudge against England, but that sort of writing makes potential friends into persistent enemies. And English readers of the paper will say, "After all, what fools the Germans are."

There is a cynical disbelief in England's idealism. Perhaps that cannot be wondered at. We have been, or seem to have been, very false to our idealism at times. We are judged by our public acts. But because of our professed idealism we are hailed as hypocrites, appalling hypocrites. And yet those public acts and that idealism are distinct. Both are authentic, and neither contradicts the other. We fastened on Germany a shameful treaty. But the idealists never agreed to it, and do not do so now. Our idealism is genuine enough and it is, indeed, the germ of Europe's hope. But for that the outlook would be blacker still.

All that has been done to ease the application of the treaty has been done at England's instance. We stand as wardens against the infringement of the treaty, as, for instance, in the Silesian attack. Indeed, the general tendency of England's policy is to save the integrity of Germany and give her a chance to rehabilitate herself among the nations.

The sophisticated educated class in Germany smiles in superior knowledge, ascribing to us selfish motives of one kind or another. The contempt for Englishmen passing through the country is somewhat brutally expressed in the phrase *valuta-Engländer*, the currency Englishman, who is probably nobody at home but swaggers here on the difference of the exchange of the mark and the pound sterling. The new educated class has always found difficulty in being tolerant and in recognising who were its potential enemies or friends. But I noticed that the working class had less pre-judgment and was more open-hearted. The working class grasped the truth of the situation. It was not merely a desire to flatter and curry favour that prompted their attitude.

"France is our real enemy—not England," was the frequent greeting of the ex-soldier working man, who grinned and asked if I'd been a soldier too, and on what front. Rank and file on both sides conceived a respect for one another in the war, which the educated class somehow missed. Perhaps the educated class in Germany would be more indulgent if they were not so hard hit financially. The working-man still has money, has, indeed, a flattering number of marks in his pocket. When he has not so much money he is as morose as his educated brother.

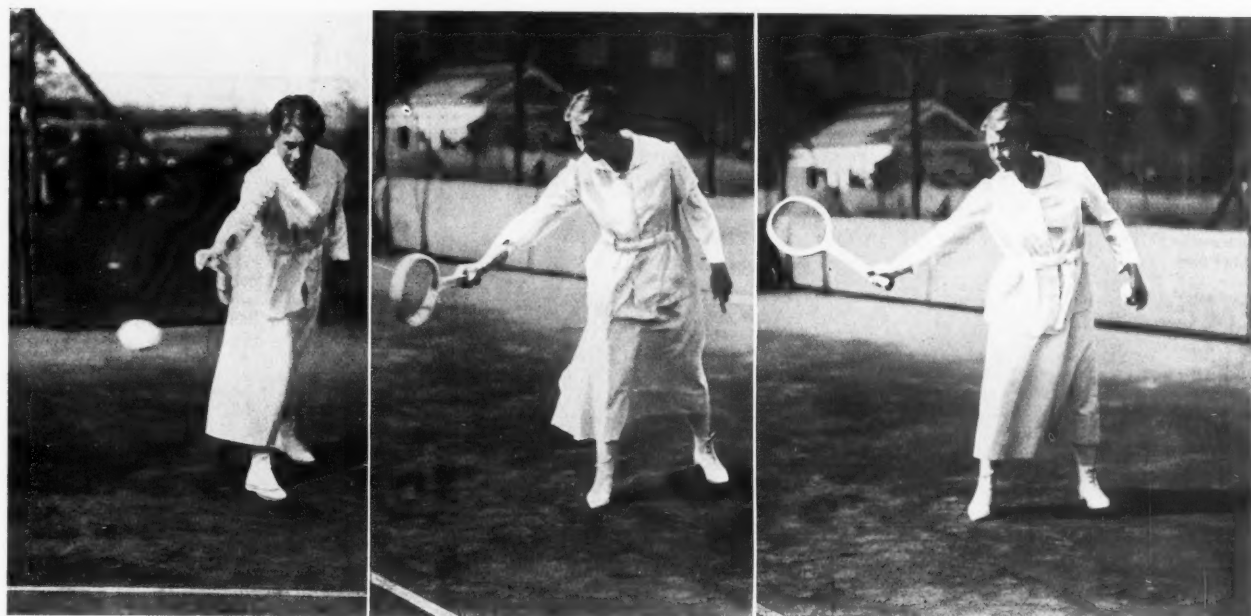
In Saxony, where an industrial depression not half so deep as that of England is being felt, you have a strong Communist movement. The devitalised masses of Leipzig do not smile so readily as the Berliners. The signs of street fighting are visible in the many cracked and broken windows of shops, and the helplessness of police seems to be expressed in the many gatherings under the auspices of the red flag, where internationalism is bawled across the squares by unshaven, collarless young men, and it is *Hoch die Welt-revolution!*

"If we lose our export trade, then the enfeebled industrial populations of places like Leipzig must die off, and Germany return to the land," said a Leipzig editor to me. "But before they die off they'll make red war in Germany."

Not an unedifying place for the trial of war criminals! There is little at Leipzig to give English witnesses an idea of a flourishing or promising Germany. A true study of the after-the-war Germany would naturally take in Leipzig and the other great centres of industry and trade. Berlin is admittedly deceptive, with its profiteers and its rich foreigners. Bremen and Hamburg would be vital points to reconsider. I visited the former—a beautiful, quiet Hanse town, oh, so quiet now, once the port of sailing of the Norddeutscher Lloyd boats, and a port of many ships. There is an impoverished and diminished population, and grass is growing in streets where it never could have grown before. The German mercantile marine has dropped from six and a half million tons to a half million of tonnage of little vessels. You feel that fact at Bremen. The great ships, mishandled and in many cases disabled, now swell the numerical tonnage of other countries without adding so very much to their shipping power. The Hamburg-America line and Norddeutscher Lloyd and others, shorn of their real glory, still continue a pettifoggery existence booking tickets for passengers on the ships of foreign lines. What a curious Germany! She has made a strange backward progress since the days of the Agadir incident and the plea which Mr. J. L. Garvin defended in the *Observer* that she should be accorded "a place in the sun."

THE FAVOURITE SHOTS OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

MRS. LARCOMBE ON HER BACK-HAND DRIVE.



HOW TO PASS A VOLLEYER—MRS. LARCOMBE'S BACK-HAND CROSS-COURT DRIVE, FROM START TO FINISH.

THE second of the COUNTRY LIFE series of action-photographs of famous lawn tennis players shows Mrs. Larcombe making her favourite shot—a back-hand passing drive across the court. (It will be remembered that in our issue of June 11th Mr. Gordon Lowe illustrated his own way of making the same shot, so that a comparison of the two sets of photographs should prove interesting.) Anyone who has been fortunate enough to watch Mrs. Larcombe playing would probably have thought that her favourite stroke was one of those volleys which she executes so perfectly and with such deadly effect. But, possibly because her volleys come easy to her, her favourite shot is the one illustrated here, the execution of which perhaps gives her greater satisfaction because of its difficulty. But her reasons and her method Mrs. Larcombe describes so fully in the most interesting description of her shot which we print below that nothing more than this very short introduction is necessary.

"The stroke shown in Figs. 1, 2 and 3 is a back-hand drive across the court. I use it chiefly in a double, playing it from my own left-hand court to a spot near my opponent's left side-line about 5ft. or 6ft. from the net. The nearer the net the better, and the nearer the side-line the better, as the

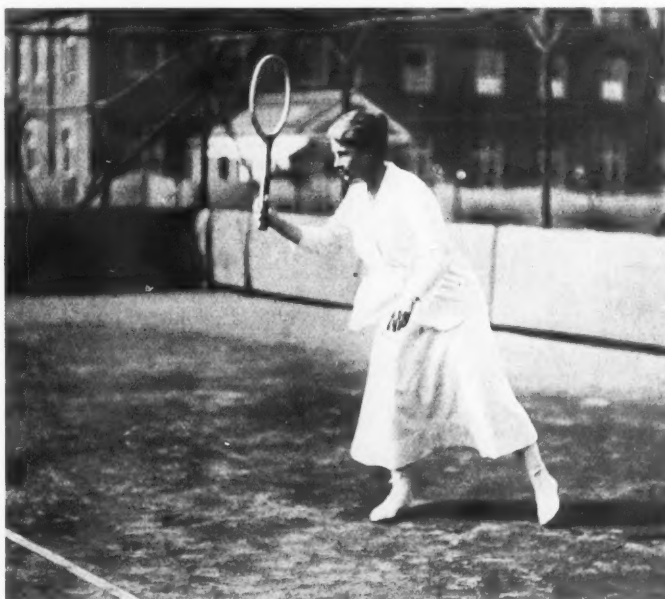
chances are I am trying to pass a volleyer, and unless I get the sharp angle the pass will not be a great success.

"It is essential to be able to make this kind of stroke without too much preparation, as that very often gives away one's intention. Therefore, I try to play it from any position. I get away from the ball, if possible, and allow myself freedom of swing. But, if necessary, I *can* play it closer to my body—'off the front of my skirt,' as an opponent once put it—and the different start and finish of this shorter swing are well shown in Figs. 4 and 5. I have played the same stroke, only from a more tucked-up position, where my opponent probably thought I was in difficulties and would have to make a bad shot.

"My reasons for calling this stroke a 'pet one' are, I think, four. First of all, it requires very firm control of the wrist and the racket—two points I am especially keen on. Secondly, the space into which I *can* put the ball, to make a good shot of it, is very limited. It compels accuracy of touch, and the sheer difficulty of the stroke appeals to me and adds enormously to my interest. Thirdly, my opponent is apt to think he (or she) is covering all the court I can put the ball into, and that there is no room for a passing shot. That makes it exceedingly amusing to pass him and gives me a little inward



The Start.



The Finish.

THE BACK-HAND CROSS-COURT SHOT WITH A SHORTER SWING.

smile and a feeling that he thinks it was an accident—until I do it again! Fourthly—rather an Irish reason, I am afraid—I can vary this stroke with a pass down the centre of the court, played with exactly the same action. When my opponent

has learnt that my cross-court shot is *not* a fluke, and has anticipated that one by moving out to the side-line to cover it, it is even more amusing to pass him down the middle of the court, and make him 'guess again' next time!" ETHEL M. LARCOMBE.

LITERATURE.

The Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book. (G. Bell and Sons, £4 4s.)

"A REGIMENTAL record written and illustrated for the most part by artillerymen while serving in the line during the Great War." Such is the inscription on the title-page of this fine book, and it adequately summarises the nature of the contents. That a volume of the sort was needed—so written, illustrated and produced as to deserve permanence, no less than as a worthy tribute to its subject—will be readily acknowledged by everyone who played a direct part in the Great War. Wherever you went the Artillery were, and no ocular impression of those momentous days is complete without recurring impressions of endless horse-lines in valley bottoms, of troops of horses splashing through mud on watering-parade, of limber-parks behind the front and of suddenly belching, indescribably alarming camouflaged field-guns. Friends were made in observation posts. Observing officers came into the front line and "messed" with the infantry. Co-operative firing and formal programmes or "shoots" were worried out between the infantry officer and the artilleryman, while when it came to a battle the two worked almost as one arm. There was no dug-out, no village and no rearward billet to which the artillery were strangers; and if friction ever arose it was because the artillery had "got there" first. Yet the Royal Regiment remained a great widespread whole throughout the war—separately unidentifiable. The batteries were numbered, and to the remainder of the army there was conveyed no sense of an individual entity. No infantryman ever—or most rarely—knew the number of a particular battery; he seldom even discriminated between the heavy (Garrison) and the light branches of the arm. They were all (to him) just "artillery." And that, despite the distracting plethora of war books, would seem to be reason sufficient for the present volume apart from its intrinsic interest for old artillerymen, their relatives, and for recruits to the Royal Regiment. And it is no derogation of the letter-press to say that it is the illustrations which first attract one's attention. Open the book where you will, something catches the eye which plunges you back immediately into the atmosphere of the war—as, to take the first instances to hand, Captain Gilbert Holiday's three sketches of "The Ammunition Column at Work"—especially "Night on the Ypres-Poperinghe Road"—and Captain Handley-Read's "Ypres-Menin Road." No sign of life in the latter—it is evidently midday and a shell has just burst up the road—but the very desolation of the scene conveys silence, and that silence a haunting sense of horror. More penetrating still and even more truly allusive are the two "nocturnes"—beautifully reproduced—by Gunner Mears, entitled "Six-Inch Guns in Action at Night" and "The Menin Road, near Hooge." Out of these Ypres speaks, and there is something in them—some nameless quality which a greater artist less versed in the actual conditions might easily have missed—that chains the eye and makes one live such nights again. Two interesting illustrations in colour are the Hon. Neville Lytton's "June, 1916," and "October, 1916"—the former being a fair sunlit valley rich in verdure and corn, the latter a grim, ghost-haunted place with water gleaming through blasted poles of trees—recognisably a part of the battlefield of the Somme. Of the letterpress of the book General Sclater speaks too modestly in his Preface when he says, "No claims to literary merit are put forward." But its claims rank high in this respect, among the contributors being such well known literary names as Lieutenant H. Asquith, Lieutenant Robert Nichols, Captain Gilbert Frankau, Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Ewart ("Boyd Cable") and Mr. Henry Newbolt. The last named contributes especially an unusual and ironical piece of *vers libre* entitled, "A Letter from the Front," in which is shown

"A young gunner subaltern, stalking along
With a rook-rifle held at the ready and—would you believe it?—
A domestic cat soberly marching behind him."

The young subaltern meets a general, who wishes him "good sport!" but immediately remembers an order

"Forbidding English officers to annoy their Allies
By hunting and shooting."

"I was only going to shoot a sparrow
To feed my cat with."

replies the subaltern, and the story ends:

"I may be wrong and I may have told it badly,
But it struck me as being extremely ludicrous."

Many entertaining and exciting reminiscences are to be found in the extracts from letters, notebooks and diaries which form the bulk of the book. These cover the whole period of the war from 1914 to the end, and vary from comedy and tragedy to picturesque narrative style and military brevity. Nor is the Western Front alone described, for the reader is carried to every field of war on which the Royal Regiment played its part—the Balkans, Mesopotamia, Palestine, the Indian Frontier, Southern Russia, German East Africa. Captain G. N. Nash's diary account of his captivity under Bolshevism and journey from the Caucasus to Moscow are of absorbing interest, as is Captain G. P. Simpson's "With a 'Pack' Battery on the Dvina." An interesting reproduction near the end is of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's picture of "David," an artillery wheeler which, having served through the South African War, "joined up" again at the outbreak of the European War, taking part in all the principal battles from Mons to the Armistice and earning four wound stripes! *The Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book* contains among its other features a list of V.C.'s won by the regiment during the war, together with details of each, notes on representative artillerymen, and a Foreword by Lord Haig. Altogether it is a worthy monument to the battle traditions of a great corps.

WILFRID EWART.

The Lands of Silence. A History of Arctic and Antarctic Exploration, by Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. (Cambridge University Press, 45s. net.)

THIS book makes appropriate reading to-day when Sir Ernest Shackleton is again setting out on a great adventure. Sir Clements Markham's big work was barely finished and quite unrevised at the time of the author's tragic death in January, 1916. That which remained to be done, however, seems to have been ably completed by Mr. F. H. H. Guillemard of Cambridge University with the assistance of Sir Clements' distinguished cousin, Sir Albert Markham. The result is a massive work of something over five hundred pages, illustrated with admirable photographs and page-maps—an invaluable record to those interested in Arctic and Antarctic discovery.

The story of the voyages to the two Poles divides the book naturally into two parts. That dealing with the northern latitudes contains some interesting opening chapters on the nature of ice, the tribes around the Pole, and on the first apprehension by an explorer of these dim regions. This was Pythias, a Greek, who about 330 B.C. shaped his course for Cantium (Kent). Thus came about the discovery of Britain. He then proceeded northwards, touching Tarbat Ness in Ross-shire and finally reaching the Orkneys where he received information of an Arctic land called Thule at a distance of six days' sail. The two books which he subsequently wrote are lost, but the story is preserved in the writings of Strabo and others. Thenceforward Sir Clements' narrative is one of increasing effort to penetrate farther and farther north, more and more deeply into the fields of ice and eternal snow.

Sir Clements tells his story with a dry brevity not unsuited to the deeds which it chronicles and to the character of the men who performed them. He draws an interesting picture of that scarcely known country, the Siberian coast, with its tundra frozen from October to May; yet with summer "a wild-looking country appears, full of small lakes, swamps, and streams, swarming with mosquitoes and frequented by myriads of birds. The sun brings to life a brilliant Alpine flora, and the tundra has a carpet of grass and mosses." The bird and other natural life of the lands of silence forms necessarily a subsidiary part of the narrative, but there are interesting descriptions of it taken from the records of various explorers, as, for instance, in the account of Franz Josef Land: "The snowy owl is a frequenter of Franz Josef Land, suggesting the presence of its favourite food, but lemmings were not met with. Snow buntings are widely spread over the islands and remain from April to October, and the Lapland bunting also comes in smaller numbers in May as well as the shore lark. Brent geese arrive in June, but the eider duck is rare. There are ptarmigan, first seen by the members of the Ziegler Expedition. The wading birds comprise turnstones, sanderlings, and two sandpipers. The very rare Ross's gull was found by Nansen breeding in considerable numbers. The glaucous gull, fulmar, kittiwake, and arctic tern also visit the group, and the ivory gulls breed there abundantly. The red-throated diver comes, but is rare. Loons and doves visit the southern coast, and the little-auks are numerous. The whole number of species of bird visiting Franz Josef Land is 23, against 33 in Spitzbergen, and 43 in Nova Zembla." Stephen Burroughs in 1556 discovered the straits between Daigatz and Nova Zembla, where there are acres of flowering plants a foot high, including a delicate pink-blossomed crucifer, a yellow poppy, and a sort of lousewort of many colours from glorious yellows to rich pinks. Birds are numerous and the peregrine falcon and the rough-legged buzzard nests on the cliffs of the island. It was Dr. Wilson of Captain Scott's last expedition who insisted on visiting the rookery of the Emperor penguins in the Antarctic in order to secure eggs of the bird at such a stage as would furnish a series of early embryos by which alone the particular points of interest in its development could be worked out. To do this they had to travel through winter darkness, and it says much for the naturalist members of the expedition that they succeeded in their task.

When all is said and done, however, it is the human element in this history of man's attempts to conquer what might have seemed at one time the unconquerable, persisted in over a period of more than two-score centuries, which makes Sir Clements Markham's book a monumental one. For it is the history of nearly fifty attempts to penetrate the Arctic, and of at least twenty-five attempts to penetrate the Antarctic regions: attempts fraught with peril, hardship and, as in the case of Captain Scott's last expedition, tragedy. Without the horror and bestiality of war, the highest and strongest qualities of the human race are brought out in these gigantic struggles against Nature which produced the triumph of Amundsen and the self-sacrifice of Captain Oates. Tales of heroism are not lacking here, notably that lesser-known record of Captain Scott's journey when, as they travelled, the whole team of dogs sank through the snow into a crevasse and hung by their harness far down the abyss. It was Captain Scott himself who insisted on going down, at grievous risk, saying that he "wanted to take such a good opportunity of examining the sides of a crevasse." Martin Frobisher, Baffin, Parry, Sverdrup, Peary, Captain Cook, Shackleton, Amundsen, and many foreign names, are some of those whose exploits are recorded and whose pioneer work deserves to live for all time. Sir Clements Markham's style is not decorative and he rarely deviates from the matter-of-fact, but an immense mass of material has been collected and produced with business-like precision, and the result must be a source of pride to every Englishman. The illustrations in the form of photographs are numerous and admirable, especially those facing page 456 of Adels penguins and of an Emperor penguin mothering a chick, taken at ridiculously close quarters.

EGRETS IN LOUISIANA.—III

By JULIAN S. HUXLEY.



A YOUNG LOUISIANA HERON, ABOUT EIGHT TO TEN DAYS OLD.

It is sitting on the author's knee, and he has just put a stick into its mouth in order to get its bill open. It is covered with fairly light brown and white down.

SUCH a colony of egrets and other herons as this at Avery Island, Mr. MacIlhenny says he could establish anywhere in the United States, given proper protection, as far north as Ohio. One he has already made in Florida. With the knowledge and love of birds spreading so rapidly as it has been in the United States the last few years, it is probable that more and more of these private reserves will be established, in addition to the few public or semi-public ones in existence; if so, one of the two or three most beautiful living creatures which the world possesses will become common again over a tract of land from which it had

been almost exterminated—and this largely through the action of a single man.

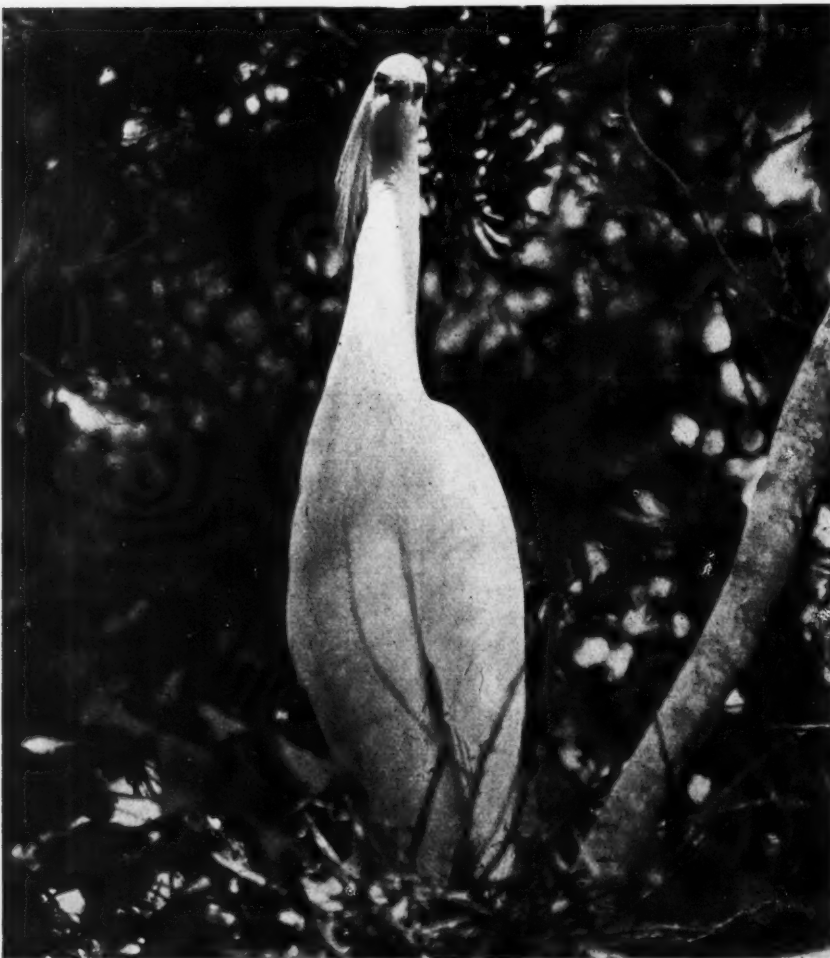
There remains the question of the practical measures needed to save the egret from extermination. The two commonest attitudes towards the subject (besides what is, alas! the commonest of all—indifference) are the two I indicated in the first of these articles. The first looks at it with the eye of business; plumes are natural objects for which there is a demand and a price. They can be made the basis of an industry, and the support of a number of workpeople, as well as a source of considerable profit to capital; to abolish



A DOMESTIC SCENE IN LOUISIANA.



ON THE SHORES OF THE POND AT AVERY ISLAND



THE SNOWY EGRET.

The feathers on the head can be raised to form a diaphanous crown.

this source of profit would be folly, and to deprive workers of their means of livelihood for some sentimental scruple worse than folly. The other sees the matter with the eye of sentiment. The obtaining of egret plumes has been shown often to be attended with hateful cruelty; therefore, let no egret plumes ever be obtained. Nay, further, since in all but a very small proportion of instances the obtaining of any sort of plumage involves the death of the bird that produced it, let us never use feathers or plumes of any kind for adornment. To kill another sentient creature for the sake of adorning ourselves with its loveliness is barbaric and, indeed, unjustifiable. If this throws workers out of employment, their unemployment need only be temporary, for they can just as well be set to make artificial plumes or flowers, and by these products the vanity of woman can be equally well satisfied. In the one case, when the motive is not greed, it is too often so exclusively economic as to be inhuman; in the other, when it is not sentimentality, it is too often so exclusively moralist as to be puritanical and, in its way, inhuman, too. From the economic standpoint it is clear that we do not wish to stop a trade unless there are good grounds for stopping it. From the standpoint of morality, it is clear that we cannot permit cruelty, cruelty which degrades ourselves as well as inflicting unjustified suffering upon innocent creatures. But, granting all this, the central point remains not our feelings or our morals or our money-making, but the bird itself. No one who has seen egrets alive and wild can doubt that. To cause them to disappear, equally with inflicting cruelty upon them, is in itself a crime; to cause them to increase and multiply is in itself in some way good. If there be a method of doing this which at the same time permits of the gratification of the natural desire for adornment, and the economic good of employing a number of people, then let us take it.

There are three possibilities of achieving this end. The birds may be protected, and a certain proportion, never more than the natural increase, killed each year. Or they may be made to pass through some sort of cage, and their plumes plucked; or the plumes which they moult may be collected. The protection may be slight, or it may involve semi-domestication; in any case, it would merit the term of farming.

It is not for me here to attempt to say which, if any, of these methods is more practicable, which is more desirable. Mr. MacIlhenny, although an ardent protector of birds, and although he has never exploited and never will exploit his own egrets for gain, told me from his experience he believed that some sort of farming would be possible. Our aim should be to devise a proper method of farming, with proper safeguards. Just as in the liquor question the interminable dispute between unregulated drink traffic and total prohibition seems to obtain its best solution in a reformed and regulated trade, so here the dispute between the unregulated greed and destructive expansion of economic man and the impossible claims and over-emphasised value of man-sentiment can only be reconciled by some method which will allow us still to command this beauty for our own purposes, yet not to inflict cruelty or commit the irreparable mistake of exterminating any beautiful creature from the face of the earth.



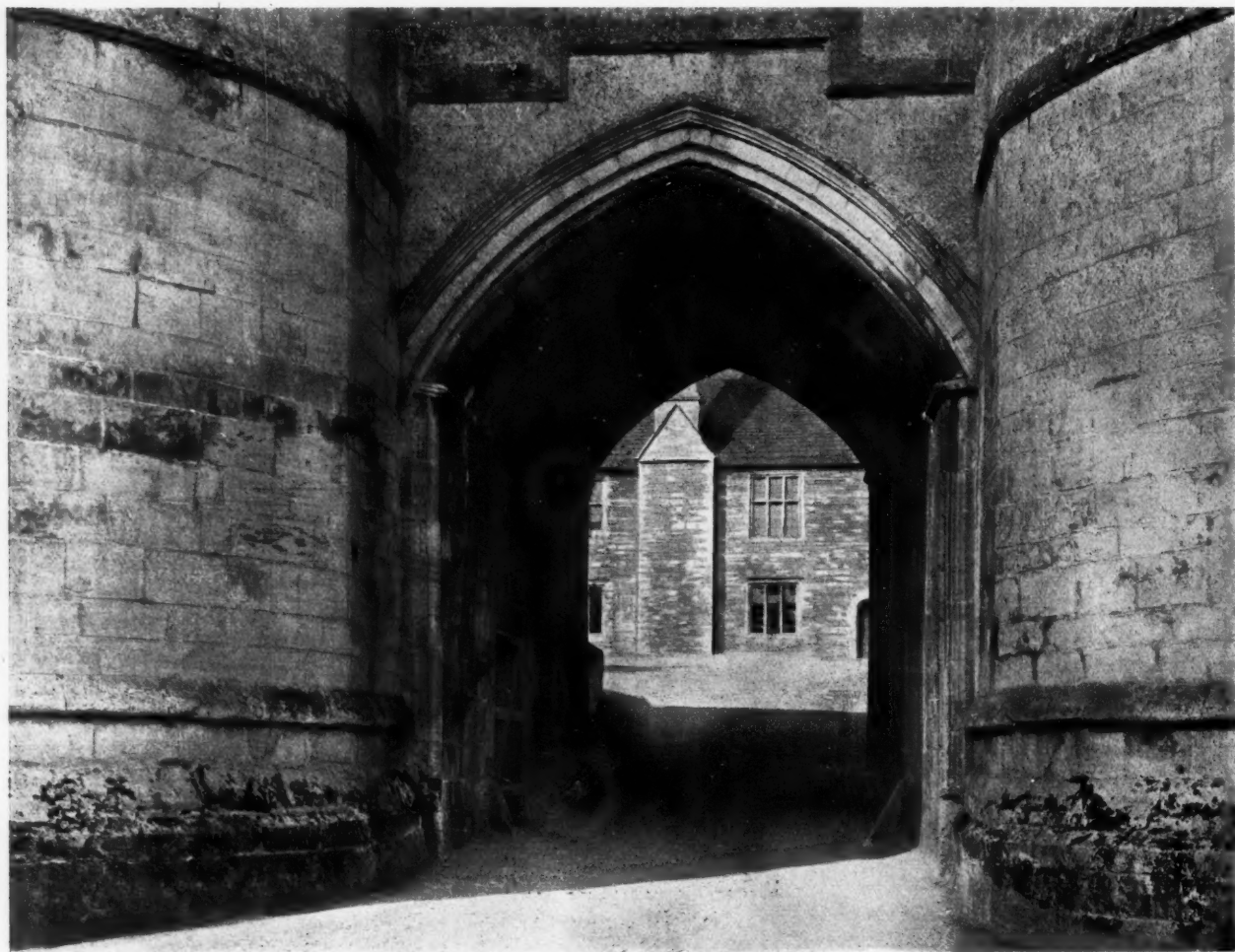
UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.

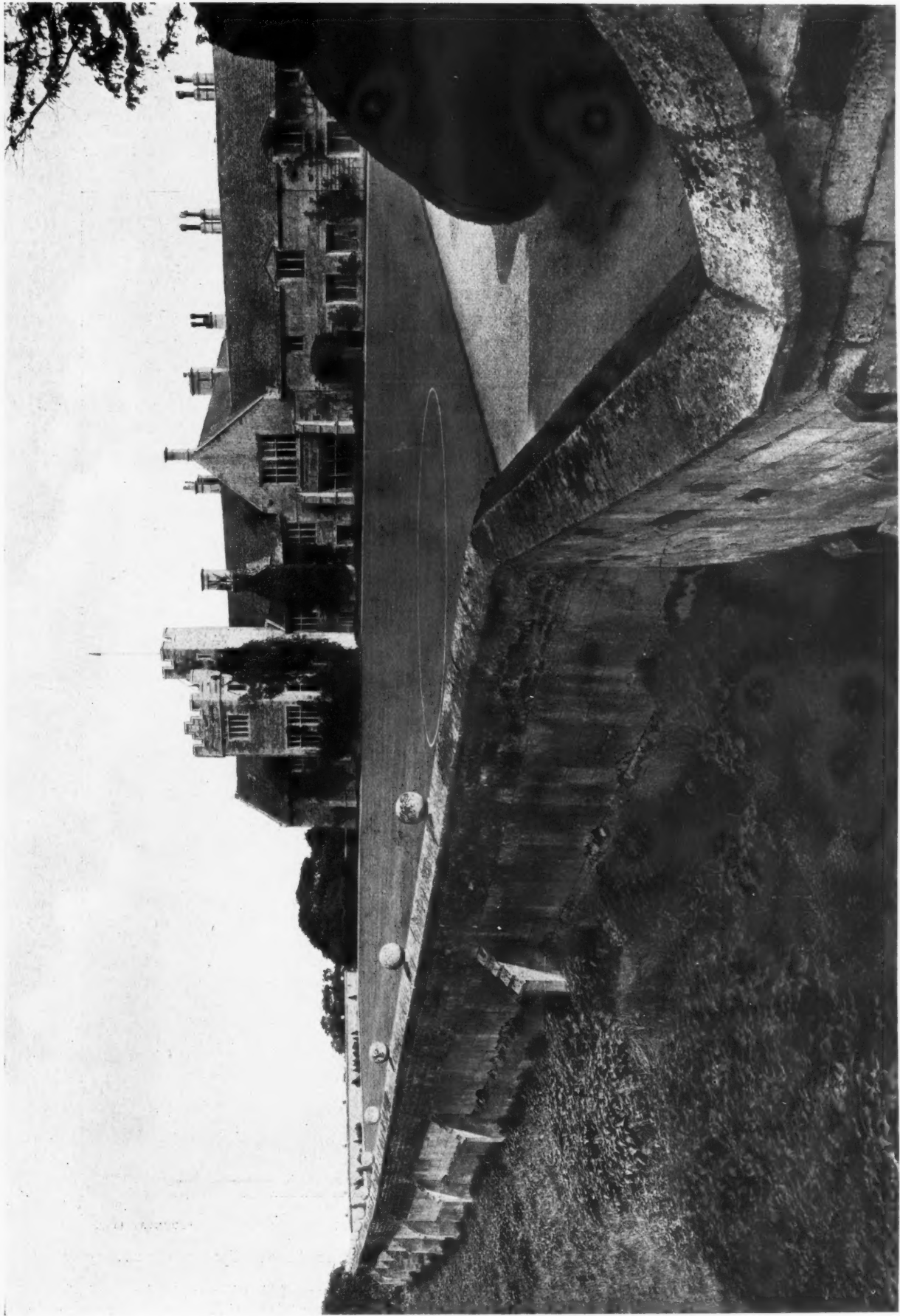


THE first Watson of whom much that is definite is known—like all the founders of important families at this period, he has a vague background of opulence and antiquity—the first to stand out clearly was Edward Watson of Lyddington, a village lying across the Welland in Rutland, some few miles from Rockingham. Here the bishops of Lincoln had a manor house, of which the considerable remaining portions are known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXVI, p. 126). In this village lived Edward Watson, Justice of the Peace and Surveyor-General to three bishops in succession, Bishop William Smith, Bishop William Atwater and Bishop John Longland. He had married a niece of the first named, she being the daughter and co-heir of Anthony Smith, a brother of the bishop. He was a busy man, having the care of much scattered property entailing long journeys on horseback, which in times of flood, were not without peril. He seems to have inherited considerable possessions, others he acquired through his wife, and yet others through his own exertions. He became a man of so much importance that in the year 1519 he obtained a grant of arms—argent, on a chevron engrailed azure, between three martlets sable, three crescents or, each charged with a torteau—a coat characteristic of the period, when the Spartan simplicity of the earlier heraldry

was already beginning to give way to the complexities of the later. He died in 1530, leaving seven children alive and one yet expected, seven others having died in his lifetime. In a long will, full of minute detail, he left his large possessions to the various members of his family, including the child unborn. He must have taken cognisance of every article he possessed, for not only does he mention his silver ewer and basin, his chain of gold, his great standing cup, his signet of gold, his beds, chests, tables and other things of size, but he left to his son Edward among other things his best towel and two best shaving cloths.

It was this, his second, son Edward who succeeded him in the bulk of his estates—his eldest son, Henry, having become a monk—and it was this Edward who obtained the lease of Rockingham Castle. There had recently settled at Boughton, near Kettering, some ten miles away, another founder of an important family, Sir Edward Montagu, Chief Justice of Common Pleas, who built himself a fine house, and from whom descended three great families, the Dukes of Montagu, the Dukes of Manchester and the Earls of Sandwich. Edward Watson married Dorothy, the eldest daughter of the Chief Justice, and by her had a family of one son and six daughters. They lived at Rockingham, not in the castle, which was still in the ruinous





"COUNTRY LIFE."

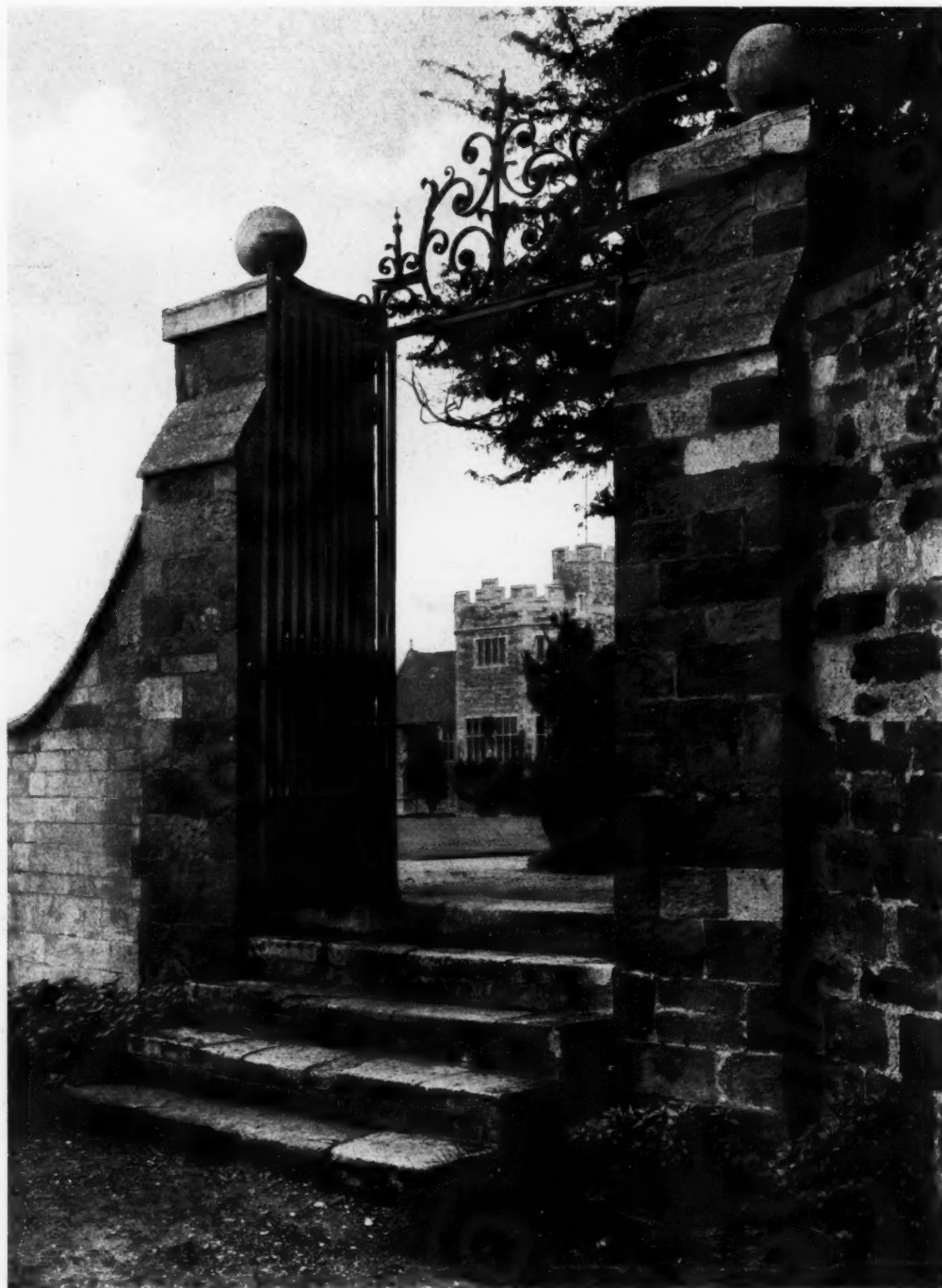
2.—ROCKINGHAM CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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condition described by Leland, but in the new Lodge. At length, after many years' residence at this subsidiary house, Edward Watson determined to convert the old castle into a habitable house. He began by building in 1553 the wing running northwards from the main block, but this was subsequently rebuilt by his grandson. In later years he reconstructed the old hall, of which he retained the walls and the doors, but he inserted new windows and built a new fireplace. No doubt the ancient roof had gone; in any case, he altered the ancient aspect by making an upper floor over his new hall, and on the beams which carried the floor he caused pious sentences to be carved, together with the date 1579. It is

portraits of him preserved at Rockingham, one of which represents him in an attitude of prayer so uncomfortable as sufficiently to testify to the sincerity of his devotion. His countenance in this and an earlier portrait is of a grave and somewhat melancholy cast, inherited from his father, who is described by Richard Croke, Greek tutor to Henry VIII, as being "tristi vultu."

Judging by the correspondence and the portraits of men of that time, one would almost wonder whether their serious outlook on life were ever disturbed by gusts of laughter. Yet the exuberance and gaiety of youth must have expressed itself in some way then, as now; and when we remember the comedies of Shakespeare we cannot but believe that they must have



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3.—STEPS TO THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

almost certain that the old hall had no fireplace, for it was customary at the time it was built to have the fire in the middle of the floor and to let the smoke find its way out through a louvre in the roof and through the unglazed parts of the windows. The increasing demand for comfort, however, required a suitable fireplace, which in any case would have been necessary here, owing to the introduction of an upper storey.

In the midst of these works of renovation, and before he could have enjoyed the result of his labours, Edward Watson died, in 1584, having been in possession since 1530, a period of fifty-four years. The piety of disposition suggested by the sentences carved on the beams of his hall is confirmed by the

drawn at least a smile to the lips even of men so grave as Edward Watson.

The executors of his will were his brother-in-law, Edward Montagu, and Sir Thomas Tresham of Rushton, one of the notable figures of the time, and himself a great builder. He was succeeded by his only son Edward, who was then thirty-five years old. While still young, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, the son married into the ancient family of Digby, his wife being Anne, daughter of Kenelm Digby of Stoke Dry, a neighbouring village in Rutland. Early marriages were much more the fashion in those days than they are now. His brother-in-law, Sir Everard Digby, became a Roman Catholic and was

so deeply implicated in the Gunpowder Plot that he paid the penalty with his life in 1607. The plot is supposed to have been hatched or, at any rate, developed, at his village of Stoke Dry, on much the same evidence, or want of evidence, as assigns its inception to the Triangular Lodge at Rushton, the home of another of the conspirators, Francis Tresham, or to the houses of all the other plotters. Sir Everard's son was the well known and accomplished Sir Kenelm Digby, who made a great figure in the seventeenth century. So eager was he in the pursuit of science that in order to preserve the health of his beautiful wife he fed her on "capons fed with the flesh of vipers"—an indirect method of administering the viperine stimulant. He fostered her dazzling complexion more directly by inventing and applying new cosmetics, but with unfortunate results, for she was found dead in her bed one morning, when she was only thirty-three years old—a martyr to scientific research.

But to return to Edward Watson, uncle by marriage to the brilliant Sir Kenelm. He carried on the building work begun by his father, and the group of rooms to the left of the hall entrance bears the date 1584 and the initials E. W., which are probably those of the son, since the father died in the early part of that year. This younger Edward threw himself with

that his mare was found in the forest, saddled and bridled, he could not tell, nor did he remember meeting anyone on his walk home.

So far, so good. But Edward Watson was not satisfied, and Sargent was rearrested and examined again. He now told a different story. On Sunday, August 8th, he was at Sir Thomas Tresham's house at Rushton, where he dined and supped. After supper, at the request of the Rushton parson, he took his mare and rode with the parson and two others (one being a man of Tresham's) into the forest, where they alighted and left their horses untended. With a brace of greyhounds they coursed the deer and brought two down. He and Tresham's man carried one, the parson and the fourth man carried the other back to where the horses were left. But the horses were gone, so the deer were taken to a barn and some hay was shaken upon them. Sargent then parted from the others and went home, and had not seen his companions since, except the parson, who bade him confess nothing. But on hearing that Sargent's mare had been found, the parson told him to do what he would. Unhappily, there is no record of what followed this confession, and we are left to conjecture what consequences followed to the parson and his companions. That parsons and schoolmasters



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4.—THE CIRCULAR ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

zest into the duties of his station, as magistrate, verderer of the forest and landholder. As verderer he had to hear many cases of alleged infringement of the forest laws, which were much stricter, more far-reaching and more vindictive than those of the present day against poaching. One case which came before him shows that the confirmed poacher of those days was as plausible and unreliable in his statements as the oldest hands who appear before the magistrates of to-day. A man named Thomas Sargent was accused of killing deer in the forest. When first examined he pleaded an *alibi*, and fortified his plea with minute details of his movements. On Sunday, August 8th, he said, he was asked by his landlord to take his wife to Rushton for dinner, which he forthwith did, he riding upon a black mare with the landlord's wife upon a pillion. At Rushton he dined and supped, and leaving the black mare for the woman to ride home on, he proceeded to walk the four or five miles back to his home at Geddington. He reached home at nine o'clock in the evening and, entering by the back way, found the maid sitting up for him, and his boy in bed. He himself at once went to bed and stayed there till morning, consequently he was not in the forest that night, nor did he know anything about the stealers who were there. Being asked how it was

were familiar with hunting and its terminology is proved by the encounter of wits between Sir Nathaniel the parson and Holofernes, the schoolmaster, in "Love's Labour's Lost"; and their knowledge must have been shared by the people at large, otherwise Shakespeare would not have thought of amusing his London audiences with a scene in which the technical terms of hunting played so large a part.

It would be impossible here to enter at any length into the forest laws and the elaborate machinery for enforcing them. It will be sufficient to say that in early times an offender stood in danger of losing a limb in purging his offence, and would have been lucky if, on a second indictment, he escaped with his life. Indeed, the life of a deer seems to have been more valued than that of a common person. In later times, although the severity of the punishment was relaxed, the sanctity of the king's venison was no less jealously guarded, and miserable indeed was the life of him who laid himself open to the suspicion of having transgressed. It was not only the guilty who suffered, but on all dwellers near a forest severe restrictions were imposed, and so oppressive was often the rule of those in authority under the king, that loud and bitter complaints were heard. Among other vexatious things all dogs of such dwellers were compelled



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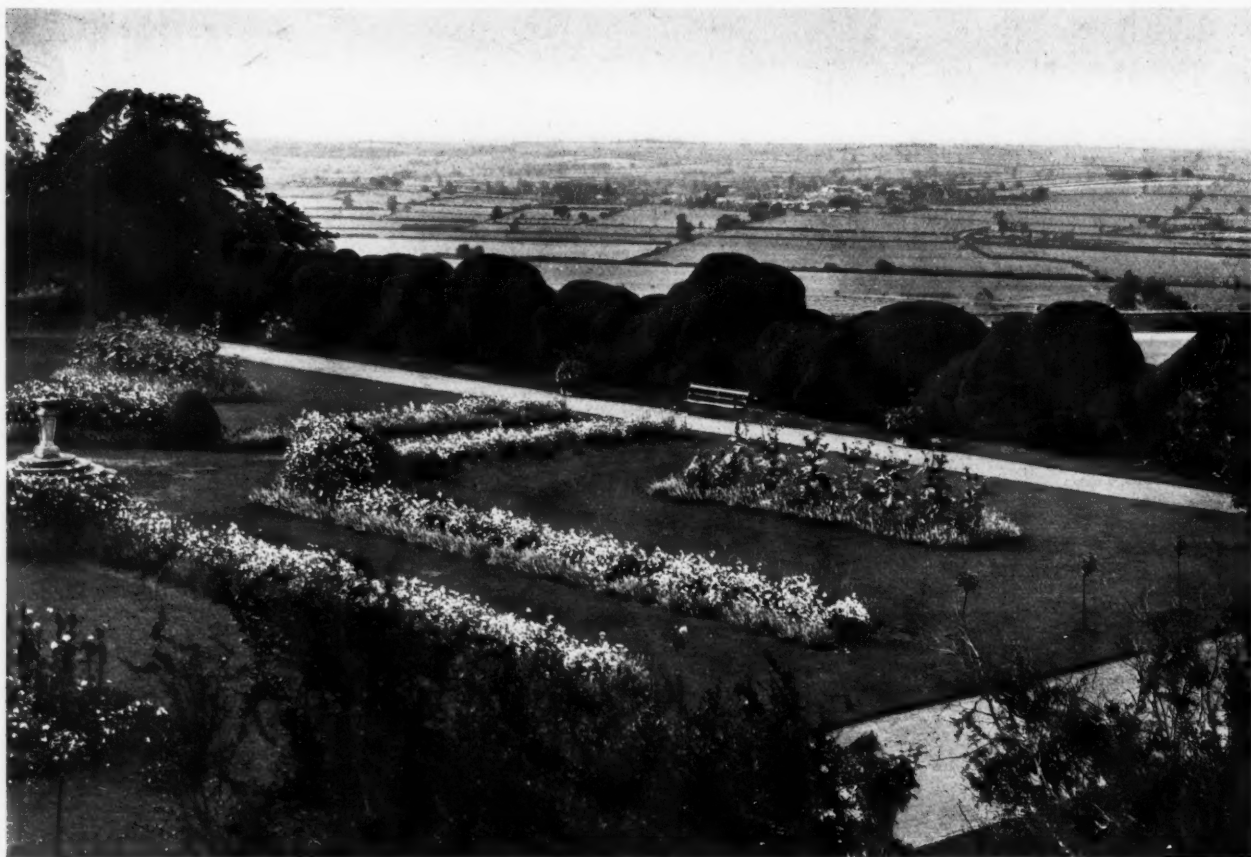
5.—THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to be "expeditated," that is, to have three claws of their forefeet struck off with a chisel 2ins. broad. But we must leave the forest and return to the castle.

We left Edward Watson administering the forest laws. But a much more trying duty for him was that of enforcing the laws against the Roman Catholics, for he was closely connected with many of them. His brother-in-law, Digby, was exceedingly active on the Catholic side, and so, too, was Sir Thomas Tresham,

who, indeed, passed much of his life in prison on account of his opinions; and it fell to Edward Watson's lot to be largely the master of his movements owing to the necessity laid upon Sir Thomas of obtaining a licence if, in intervals of freedom, he wished to leave his house at Rushton for a journey of more than a few miles. However, Edward contrived—if so flippant a phrase may be used in respect of so grave a personage—to carry the dish fairly evenly, and he seems to have used his power beneficently.



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6.—VIEW FROM THE TERRACE AT ROCKINGHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—ANCIENT YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In the year 1603, among the numerous recipients of honours from the hand of the new king, James I, was Edward Watson, on whom a knighthood was conferred in May. A few weeks later the lively Lady Ann Clifford, writing an account of her travels, relates how they left Wrest in Bedfordshire in the morning and came to Rockingham at night, where they stayed a day or two "with old Sir Edward Watson and his Lady" (he was fifty-four). Then on to Dingley, where the Queen was staying.

In 1604 the King came to Rockingham forest to hunt, and a "dining-house" was erected for him at the lodge. Apparently he did not stay at the castle itself, which must have been quite habitable by this time; but, doubtless, it was far less trouble to put him up in the lodge than to have all the ceremony and inconvenience of receiving him in the castle where the family were living. However, in the following year the King again came to Rockingham for as long as six days, while the Queen was entertained in the neighbouring house of Kirby.



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8—THE YEW WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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9.—THE CASTLE FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In 1608 the King was once more in the county, probably to hunt in its southern forest, for he knighted Sir Edward's son Lewis at Grafton in that year.

Sir Edward died in 1616, having three years earlier given up the whole of his estates and property to his children, a course which, unlike King Lear, he seems to have had no occasion to regret.

To him succeeded Sir Lewis, who bought the castle outright, hitherto held on a lease. No great amount of building can be attributed to him, but he rebuilt the wing running northwards from the dining-room, which faces the visitor on entering the gateway; he also laid out the gardens, at any rate as to their main features, the most remarkable of which is the great double hedge of yew. As one wanders over the lawns or among the parterres, looking back upon the house or out on to the distant undulations of Leicestershire, one realises how completely the state of the country

and of society had changed between the time when the earliest parts of the castle were built and the time when Sir Lewis did his gardening; and this rather obvious reflection is deepened when the rose garden (Fig. 4) is visited, and memory recalls the fact that here lived men in the first stages of civilisation, and that here, some two thousand years later, and yet centuries ago, this very site was heavily fortified by the Parliamentarians to resist attacks of the Royalists.

Sir Lewis, hitherto a knight, was created a baronet in 1621 and lived a blameless life at Rockingham. This period was, indeed, the zenith of his fortunes; the Civil War brought him low, as shall be presently explained. He died in 1653, and was succeeded by his son Edward, whose work on his home must be left till next week for description, but one of the lead rain-water pipes of his time is shown in Fig. 11. The fine lead cistern dated 1783 was obviously the acquisition of a still later member of the family.

J. A. GOTCH.



10.—A LEAD TANK.



11.—SPOUT ON WALKER'S HOUSE.

ONE OF THE SEASON'S BIG RACES

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

A FEW years ago there were three ten thousand pound races in this country—the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park and the Jockey Club Stakes and Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket. Not one is worth £10,000 to the winner to-day. Last year the Eclipse Stakes brought in £4,345 to Lord Astor, the owner of Buchan, but then it had been seriously affected by the years of war. The Jockey Club Stakes of 1920, won by Torelore, brought £4,343 to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux, and a fortnight ago Orpheus, by winning the Princess of Wales' Stakes, credited the account of his owner, Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen, with £2,380. There were races at Ascot worth more. The Eclipse Stakes for this year is to be decided this week-end at Sandown Park, and I have no doubt its value to the winner will be ahead of what it was last year. It is, indeed, the intention of the Sandown Executive to restore its value to what it was in pre-war days.

Quite interesting is it, therefore, to note what it represented in cash value in those times. Thus in the year that war broke out Hapsburg won for Sir Ernest Cassel and the prize was worth £8,735 to the winner. There was certain place money which nominally, I suppose, brought the gross value of the race to £10,000. When Hapsburg won, the Manton stable supplied a hot favourite in that uncertain horse, Kennymore, bred and owned by the late Sir John Thursby. He had won the Two Thousand Guineas by a narrow margin, failed lamentably for the Derby, and he was destined later to be beaten for the St. Leger. Here he was beaten five lengths from Hapsburg with Mr. Solly Joel's Honeywood dividing them. They were a very moderate lot of horses, for Hapsburg at three years of age and later was never very much. What would The Tetrarch have done with them had he not gone wrong just before the Derby of that year?

In the previous year, 1913, we have a four year old beating the classic form of that season as represented by Louvois, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. The older horse was Tracery, which had a St. Leger to his credit but had been brought down in the previous month at Ascot while running well for the Ascot Gold Cup. That was the act of a lunatic. Later at Sandown Park he won £8,735, absolutely trouncing Louvois. Tracery was, indeed, a worthy winner of the fine prize. He has made a name for himself since as a sire, and to-day he is in the Argentine, having been sold for the record price of £53,000. Coming to 1912 we have first prize of £8,735 going to Prince Palatine's owner. Four year olds occupied the first three places, and those who saw the race are not likely soon to forget the thrilling finish between Lord Derby's Stedfast, at 13 to 8 on, beaten by a short head after a terrific race with Prince Palatine. Danny Maher was on the beaten favourite, and behind them was the winner of that year's Derby, Tagalie, which, though second favourite, was quite unable to make the four year olds gallop. Tracery was undoubtedly the best of that season's three year olds and he did not enter into his kingdom until about St. Leger time.

It was in 1911 when the wheel of fortune turned in favour of Lord Derby. That, too, was a most interesting race inasmuch as it brought together the winners of the Derby and St. Leger of the previous year—Lemberg and Swynford. The latter had been late in maturing and as a four year old he was a great horse. Anyhow, here we had him at 11 to 10 on with Lemberg at 9 to 4 against. The race most faithfully reflected the betting, for Swynford beat his rival by four lengths. This time it was Lord Derby who pocketed the lion's share of the £10,000. It was the usual £8,735. I might recall other years if only to show how lacking in interest by comparison is the race due to be decided to-day. For instance, in 1910 the Two Thousand Guineas' winner and the Derby winner of that year, Neil Gow and Lemberg, ran a dead-heat. It was, indeed, a tremendously exciting event in which Maher on Neil Gow excelled himself. Neil Gow, like his jockey, is dead to-day, but Lemberg was never so successful at the stud as now, his notable winners of the present season being Lemonora and the two year old Lembach. What vast interest there was in the years when Ard Patrick met and defeated Sceptre again though not so easily as in the Derby, when the French horse, Val d'Or beat Cicero, when Diamond Jubilee and Persimmon won for King Edward, Orme and Flying Fox for the late Duke of Westminster, and Velasquez for Lord Rosebery! Orme won both at three and four years of age; Persimmon and Ard Patrick were four year olds, but St. Frusquin, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Your Majesty and Bayardo (both the latter won St. Legers) were three year olds when they won.

I do not see, on looking through this year's entry, that any have been withdrawn that would have had any chance either with Craig an Eran or with the four year olds, Silvern or Braishfield. I narrow the race down to those three. Craig an Eran seems to have the St. Leger in his keeping providing he remains well, for I do not doubt that he is substantially the superior of Lemonora. At any rate, he is being given the opportunity

to show his merit, and if he does not account for the three year olds of last year I shall indeed be surprised. His sire, Sunstar, never ran for the race for the good reason that he never ran again after so easily winning the Derby. It is, of course, great good luck to have the colt in the race in such an "easy" year, for at all the forfeit stages there must ever be a temptation to rid oneself of liabilities that grow amazingly unless a check be kept on them. Craig an Eran, however, must always have promised well to have justified the undiminished faith in him, and I hope he may be destined to-day to go one better than his grand-dam Sceptre, which found one too good for her in the race in Ard Patrick, which was unquestionably a horse of the highest class. If, as is probable, the three year olds of 1921 are relatively better than those of a year ago then Craig an Eran will not be long winning for Lord Astor.

On the following day the programme includes the race for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the most valuable event of the season for two year olds. One recalls that the Tetrarch won it as well as many other notables, while two years ago the famous grey horse's son, Tetratema, made a successful *début* in it. I do not know of any "dark" ones to be exploited on this occasion unless Mr. Solly Joel's Polyhistor be one such. This son of Polymelus is an unknown quantity as far as the public are concerned, but it is understood that he can gallop. He runs in preference to the Coventry Stakes winner, Pondoland, though there may be no special significance in this as that colt was probably jarred by his race for the July Stakes at the last Newmarket Meeting. There are possibilities about Preston Grange, owned by Sir James Buchanan, but I fancy his trainer, Mr. Gilpin, has not found it easy to do justice to him during the long period of drought and hard going. Fordingbridge, a filly owned by Lord Derby was tried to be his best two year old some time ago. If all right now after having been amiss she might be the one to win as she has a big pull of such as Stupidity, Mr. Jack Joel's filly, that won a nice race at Epsom. Then there are possibilities about His Majesty's Joss House, which was second last time out to the very smart Western Hill. This one might win, and then, indeed, the public would rejoice exceedingly. Everyone is anxious to see King George owning a really high-class horse, but I am afraid it may not be this year. Joss House, however, may be good enough here unless, of course, Polyhistor should be one well out of the ordinary.

PHILIPPOS.

THE UMPIRE in LAWN TENNIS

EVER since Wimbledon was Wimbledon there have been complaints about the umpiring, or the linesmen, or both combined. These complaints do not all come from the losers of matches. Spectators are perhaps loudest in their denunciation of the decisions given by some unfortunate linesman, who, in the vast majority of cases, is in a much better position to observe the exact place where the ball pitched than nineteen out of twenty of those who loudly execrate him. Most good players know better. If they had any real reason for complaint they would not ask for linesmen for their matches. And they certainly prefer to have them. I do not suppose that linesmen or umpires really feel aggrieved at the shouts of disapproval which sometimes greet their decision. After all, they are in the best position to judge, and are there for that express purpose. The spectators, on the other hand, are generally in the worst position to judge; and if there is one thing more certain than another it is that if an umpire is weak enough to appeal to the "gallery" as to a doubtful ball, he will invariably get in reply a shout of "Right!" from some and a call of "Out!" from others. Which leaves the poor man worse off than ever, and intensifies the hatred felt for him by the participants in the match.

Not that the players always hate their umpire. If he is a man who will call the score clearly and correctly, and call "Fault" or "Out" immediately the ball pitches, and not *before*, they are quite willing to put up with a mistaken decision or two. It is the maddening indecision of a weak umpire, or the impossibility of knowing what one who mumbles into his beard (if he has one), is intending to convey, that really rouse players to fury. Of course an umpire who generally calls "Out" for a ball that pitches anywhere near the line is a terror to the good player, because, with such a one the shot for the sideline becomes altogether too risky an affair. At least, the pleasure experienced by making it successfully is more than a little marred by having the ace you have just so skillfully won scored up to your opponent by a myopic umpire. But the cause of complaint against umpires is in any case much exaggerated. How often does one hear a player say that he has just been "absolutely umpired out of" a match? But have you ever heard anybody say that he had been umpired *into* one? Yet, if the first speaker have the truth in him, the winner has cause for congratulating himself. The fact of the matter is that things even themselves out in the long run. To the end of time it will, of course, be the important points that you are "umpired

out of," and the points which do not matter about which the umpire may possibly have made a mistake in your favour. This cannot be altered, human nature being inimitable. In the meantime, to take the rough with the smooth the bad, umpire with the good, is the only way to enjoy your game. If you let yourself be worried by umpires' decisions you will labour under a grievance, and labouring under a grievance is the very worst possible frame of mind in which to play a big match. In the terse and crisp language of our American cousins—"Forget it!"

There were far fewer complaints than usual about the umpiring in the recent Championship meeting, and rightly so, for the umpiring was on the whole admirable. Many men are good umpires; but the qualifications for umpiring in the Centre Court are greater than those possessed by the ordinary good umpire. One very important matter is that he should have a good voice, audible not only to the players and the people in the stands opposite to him and to right and left, but also to those in the stand behind him. Not more than half a dozen men possess this power, or, at any rate, demonstrate that they possess it. All umpires should know the rules; but very few possess that essential qualification of a really good umpire. They ought also to mark the score sheet correctly, so as to show the order in which the points were won or lost; in a Championship (or indeed any other game) the score sheet is the only record, and if it is not properly kept it cannot, for instance, be afterwards determined with certainty whether the loser of a match had been once or more within a point of winning it. Yet umpires who are very good in other respects seem to find the keeping of the score an insuperable difficulty, or else cannot be bothered to do so, preferring to trust to their memory. I remember seeing an umpire very well known on the Centre Court—and a very good umpire—once make a curious mistake in a

match at a small tournament. He was one of those who are "too proud to write," with the result that he called "game and set to Brown and Miss Brown—6—3," whereas in truth and in fact the games were 7—4! The really curious thing about this incident was that none of the four players had noticed that the umpire had let them play two games too many, though nearly all the spectators had done so; and in this case the error was proved by the alternation of the service games, though the umpire pooh-poohed the suggestion that he had made a mistake when it was first pointed out to him. If he had been keeping the score he could not have made such a ridiculous error, and I believe he has always done so since.

In any case, since players have to abide by umpires' errors, it is rather surprising that so few of them take the trouble to do a little umpiring themselves, and so improve what they would have us believe to be the deplorably low standard of umpiring. But no! when asked to officiate in this chair they all with one consent begin to make excuses, until the heart of the umpire-catcher sinks within him as he hears the voice of the referee resounding through the megaphone with some sarcastic enquiry as to what has become of the match that was supposed to be in Court 3! Some tournaments are now making it a condition of entry that every competitor must umpire one match a day if called upon to do so. This would solve the difficulty of getting umpires completely, since there are always more competitors in a tournament than there are matches played in that tournament on any one day. It is a plan likely to be widely adopted. *A propos* I heard a good story last week at a tournament where this condition was in vogue. A good player (and at all times a willing umpire) was being asked to take on one more match. "All right," said he, "I don't mind. But remember—this is my match for Friday in 1922!" So he had clearly done his bit!

F. R. BURROW.

A GOLFING LESSON FROM THE AMERICANS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ALL the Championships are now over; the Americans have gone home, one of them taking the Open Championship Cup with him, and people who are not Champions are, or soon will be, starting out on their summer golfing holiday. Many of them have their brains teeming with golfing "tips" which are to revolutionise their games during the next month, and many of these "tips," most of them, alas! fanciful and illusory, have been acquired in the watching of big matches. It seems therefore an appropriate time to set down such lessons as I think may be learnt from our American invaders, who are not only very fine players, but seem to me to have to some extent founded a new golfing school of their own.

The most useful lesson, as it struck me, to be learnt from these visitors was to cut out as many as possible of the "frills" of golfing style and by that means to economise in body movement. The waggle may be said to be father to the swing, and the Americans had a very distinctive but very quiet waggle of their own. When I began to play golf there was a temptation to acquire an ornate superabundance of waggle with much flourishing of wrists and with elbows and knees flying about in all directions. Duncan has lately described it by a good phrase: he calls it a "flash waggle." I am certain that I myself and I believe that a good many of my contemporaries have been paying the penalty of that florid childhood ever since.

Now, the American players do not by any means dispense with the waggle. They are quite leisurely and do not hurry over their preparatory addresses to the ball, but with them "waggle" has ceased to be the right word. One and all they keep their bodies, and in particular their legs, very still during these preliminaries, and such movement of the club as they permit themselves is on a quiet scale. If it is a waggle at all, it is only one in embryo. They do not look as if they were trying to snap the shaft by mere wrist work, nor as if they were gradually working themselves up, from the knees upwards, for a tremendous effort. No, they only move the club a little way, gently and slowly and close to the ground.

In the result the ensuing swing was wonderfully free from mannerisms and from unnecessary movement. The right knee showed no signs of wanting to bend and buckle under the player's weight; the left foot did not want to pirouette on the point of the toe. The back swing was, by comparison with many of our swings, a little taut and stiff, but the club travelled very truly and it came right through. The finish of the stroke was, in these days of hitting rather than swinging, what some modern golfers might call "old fashioned." Very likely the professional whose muscles are supple and his wrists like whipcord because he is always playing can do better or as well without a follow through, but for the average amateur I believe that a doctrine which omits the follow through is as dangerous as that of the "two eyed stance" appears to be at cricket.

I am not saying that all the merits of the American amateurs' golf proceeded entirely from their waggle. They looked as if they had carefully drilled themselves in all the primitive, but intensely important, virtues, such as that of keeping the eye on the ball. But I do say that standing still is the greatest of golfing virtues, from the teeing ground to the putting green, and that it is one far easier to put into practice, if you do not fling yourself about before the swing begins. It is the misfortune of golfing writers, but they have to live in glass houses and be very easy marks for stones. They have to tell other people to do what they cannot do themselves. However, if we cannot teach ourselves how to play we may be able to teach our sons, and I would suggest to any father who sees his offspring waggling with too ferocious and swaggering a flourish that he should curb him gently, but with extreme firmness.

Putting, by Jack White. (COUNTRY LIFE, Limited, 4s. 6d. net.)

HAD I the nice and tender conscience of my youth, instead of my present poor apology for the same, seared and made callous by years of evil doing, I suppose that I should decline the reviewing of this most valuable aid to every golfer, for White's way really is, as he makes generous avowal, my own way, with the overlapping grip, which he did me the honour to make his own what time I used to see much of him when he was Mr. Laidlay's constant caddie and when I very often played with that great approach player. Later I played many a match with White himself, then at Mitcham. The virtue of this overlapping grip on the putter, which he puts in the forefront of his system of education, is that the club works from one crucial or hinge point. There is no war between the two hands, one pulling involuntarily against the other. It is praise that I would give to very few of the books which teach golf that I have read, but I believe that a man who studies this booklet will make a real improvement in the game and will save himself many strokes and much agony on the green. At the tail of several chapters is a commentary on the purport of each by the always merry and wise and never dull Mr. Darwin. Between these two the exegesis of the subtleties is made wonderfully clear, and some illustrations much to the point help further to the clarifying. I have a good deal more faith in the earlier counsels of White, that the putter should swing and work from a single hinge, and that the ball should be hit a tap with it, than in his later advice about the cutting of a putt when the ball has to go over ground sloping from right to left, and the drawing of the ball off the point of the putter when the slope is in the reverse direction. The difficulty of hitting the ball absolutely truly with the putter is so great that no tricks which increase that difficulty are, in my opinion, worth the playing. These are heroic counsels and, maybe, like brandy, the right thing for heroes, but a little strong and perilous for assimilation by lesser men. But I do strongly agree with White, and dissent from Park, that drag can be and is put on a ball by a lofted club. Park seems to argue that this is an impossibility if the ball is only trundled along the ground and not hoisted into the air. But has he never seen a game of billiards? We do not, habitually, loft the ball with the billiard cue, but we do put underspin on it. If you will take this book of White's and practise putting by it all winter over the carpet you may be poorer, by the spring, of a few fragile articles of *bric-à-brac*, but you will be richer of many half-crowns won from your dearest enemies.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

JULY SOWINGS IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Experience proves that July sowings are by no means a gamble. In the writer's experience carrots may be sown with far greater success during the first week in July than at any other time in the year, especially if a stump-rooted variety such as Early Gem or Champion Horn is patronised. The plants resulting from this sowing continue to grow until well into the autumn and the roots are greatly appreciated at table because of their tender nature. It is a notable fact that late seedlings are not nearly so susceptible to attack by carrot fly as those which push through the soil during April. A substantial sowing of turnips might also be made, relying in this case on the variety All the Year Round. The resultant roots will be available for use from mid-September until at least Christmas. In the spring follows a tremendous quantity of health-giving tops, while yet another use may be made of this crop. In these days of shortage so far as organic manure is concerned, turnip tops are simply invaluable for digging in as green manure. The great shortage of cabbages usually experienced in December and January may be remedied to a very large extent by thin sowing of a variety such as Christmas Drum-Head during the first week in July. By sowing very thinly and afterwards reducing the seedlings so that those that remain are about 1ft. apart, the plants are left to go ahead without the interference occasioned by transplanting, and so mature quickly. Apart from this sowing of cabbage, about the second week in the month one of the spring maturing varieties (of which Harbinger is quite the earliest) should also be sown, but in this case the ordinary transplanting must be practised. Quite useful salading material will be forthcoming if another sowing of Globe beet is made from July 1st to July 10th. Thin sowings of lettuce and endive should also be made, again avoiding the necessity for trans-

planting, thinning the resultant seedlings until they stand at the required distance apart. Yet another crop that may be sown about the middle of the month is the much prized spinach. Those who insist on growing a variety possessing the true spinach flavour must patronise Suttons' Long Standing Prickly, but far more useful in my estimation is the Perpetual spinach, which will flourish on almost any kind of soil and yield an enormous quantity of edible foliage.—F. W. MILES.

[Mr. Miles' letter might have been still more useful had we been able to publish it last week. In the emergency of the drought, however, much may still be done.—ED.]

A DAY WITH THE CARPINCHOS IN ENTRE RIOS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Although fairly common in certain parts of the Argentine and Paraguay, the carpincho is seldom seen, except by those expert in the art of stalking. While in the northern parts of Paraguay I had some good sport shooting them, and considered myself very fortunate when in one day I managed to get four. The Indians often wait for hours on the chance of getting a shot at one, for, apart from the skin, the flesh is much prized. It has been stated that the flesh of the carpincho is responsible for the amount of leprosy among the Indians, but whether this is true or not, most Europeans give the meat a wide berth, although the taste is not unpleasant. The carpincho is a rodent; in appearance it is rather like an enormous rabbit, and when attacked by dogs can give some terrible wounds, but as a rule prefers disappearing under the water to showing fight. Although a fairly long resident in the outlying parts of South America, the number of carpinchos I have seen at close quarters, until recently, was comparatively small, and when a friend of mine told me he had a flock of them on his camp I thought it would be well worth while travelling to see them, even if the thousands he mentioned turned out to be tens. The

enclosed photographs are the result, and although I could not count them there were certainly well over a thousand. As far as one could see up the river bank, the place was swarming with them, and we spent some hours watching them, the younger ones playing about, almost unconscious of our presence. Every now and then the old men sentries would give a warning cry, and at once all made for the water, but after a short time would return to the bank again. The owner of the camp will not allow them to be shot, so that they increase enormously, and as a full grown carpincho will eat almost as much as a steer, it may be looked on as rather an expensive, if unique, hobby.—D. MACTAVISH.

"A VANISHING BURN."

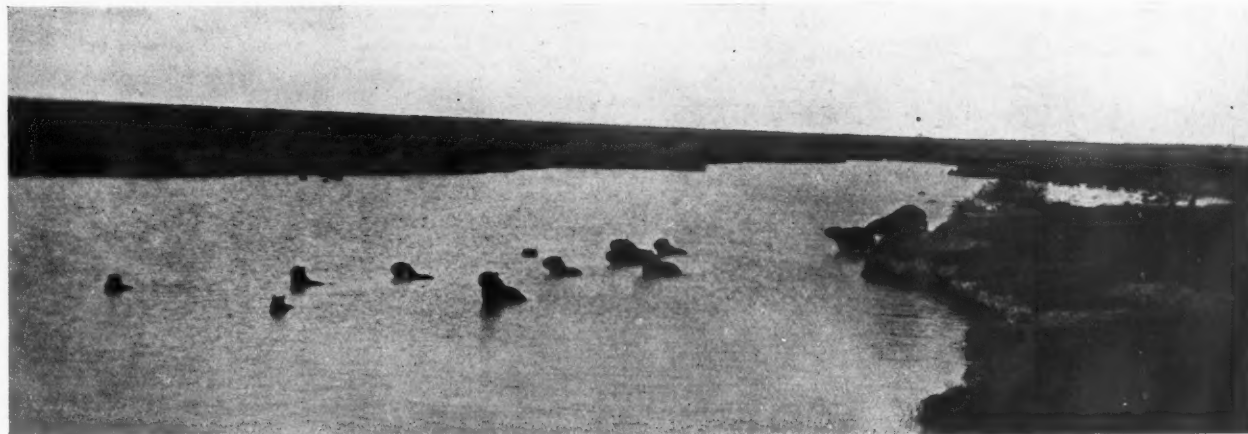
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I saw an illustration of a vanishing burn in your issue of July 9th, and an enquiry from Miss M. G. S. Best on the subject. It might interest her to know that while out in Jamaica I saw a number of such up and around what is known locally as the "Maroon Country." There (if my memory serves me right) they are called "sinks," and one can see the stream disappear into the ground, coming out again sometimes two or three miles lower down the mountain. The rock there is, of course, volcanic and looks like limestone.—CLONMELL.

"THE TALLEST YEWS IN EUROPE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the interesting article on the tallest yews in Europe in your issue of July 2nd Professor Henry makes no mention of the remarkable, but little known, avenue at Chilton Candover, Hampshire. These stately trees, which border a wide grassy track over half a mile in length, have attained a perfection of growth that compares very favourably with the rather weedy-looking specimens at Midhurst. Perhaps a local reader could supply measurements and photographs.—JOHN H. REYNOLDS.



CARPINCHOS IN A SOUTH AMERICAN RIVER.

THE OLD EMBASSY GARDEN IN MADRID.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two pictures, made probably about 1750, of the house and garden of Sir Benjamin Keene in Madrid. He had a distinguished career. The son of a Mayor of King's Lynn and educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, he was appointed Agent for the South Sea Company and British Consul at Madrid in 1724. As our Minister Plenipotentiary he concluded the Treaty of Seville, a defensive alliance between England, Spain and France, in 1729. On returning to this country he was returned as a Member of Parliament for Maldon in Essex in 1740, and West Looe in Cornwall in 1741, but in 1746 he was once more called upon for service abroad and to undertake the duties of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal, and after the conclusion of peace with Spain he returned to Madrid as Ambassador. The drawings of his house and garden may have been made shortly before 1758, when he died, on the eve of his retirement (to a peerage, it is said) in his native land. The drawing clearly shows the prevalence of the French taste in the southern capital. According to Miller, gardens like the one represented were known as "parterres," and were usually laid out on a level piece of ground, facing south. Five ornamental basins and statues are shown occupying the centre of the parterre and of its corner compartments. The central statue is supported on sculptured caryatids from whose breasts fountains of water issued; the pedestals in the corner basins are dolphins with tails entwined. The central statue suggests Queen Anne, the nearer ones statesmen or savants of the period. Neptune supported by two mermaids surmounts the gateway to the terrace, an emblem appropriate enough to the Ambassador of His Britannic Majesty. On the other side a small square building on the raised bank probably served as a water tower for supplying the fountains and basins. Fruit and vegetables may have been grown in the small enclosure between the water tower and the house, upon which some fifteen wall trees were trained. So far I have not succeeded in identifying the precise locality where Sir Benjamin Keene's house stood, but perhaps some reader can help me.—R. T. GUNTHER.

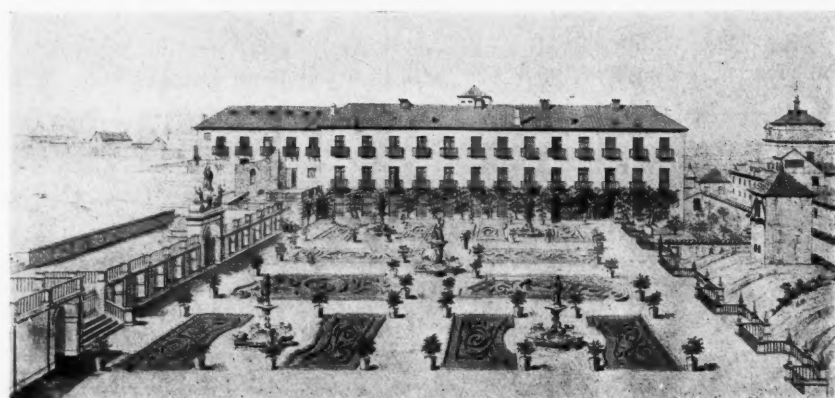
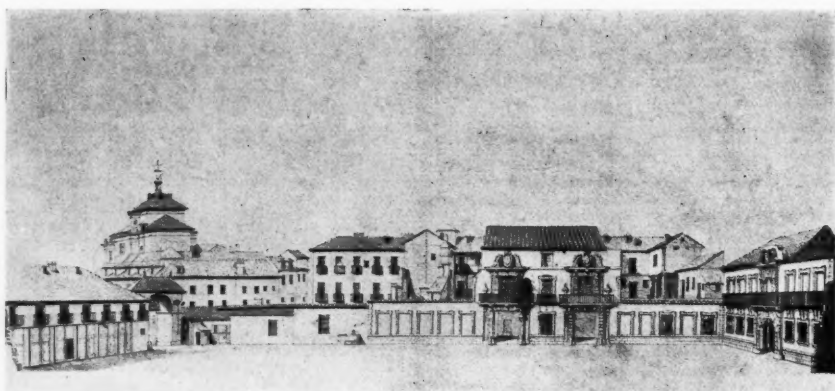
A GIBBET THAT CURES TOOTHACHE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you this photograph of the gibbet at Stengs Cross, near Elsdon, Northumberland, as perhaps some of your readers may be able to tell me if there are any more such things in other places. Many years ago a man, William Winter, and two women accomplices murdered an old woman for her money at Hawes Pele, near Rothbury. Winter was hanged at Newcastle. His body was brought to Stengs Cross and hung there in chains, as from that place the scene of the murder can be seen many miles away across the moor. After there were not even the bones left to hang there, a wooden head, carved to represent that of Winter, beard and all, was suspended from the gibbet and still remains. Possibly the wooden head was put up to perpetuate the warning first given by the murderer's dead body. There is a local superstition that a chip from the gibbet applied to an aching tooth will take away the pain. But when I asked in Elsdon if this was ever done, I was told that they thought the toothache



THE GIBBET AT STENGs CROSS.



THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF SIR BENJAMIN KEENE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN MADRID.

Circa, 1750.

would have gone long before the sufferer had tramped the three long miles across that lonely moor.—M. G. S. BEST.

A FROG'S SCREAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* your correspondent's letter on "A roadside tragedy," I lately heard a shrill scream which I imagined must be from a rabbit in distress, but found it came from a large frog, bearing on its shoulders a young one. I should have thought it a female carrying its young had I not remembered hearing a theory that young frogs kill the adults by strangling them. I detached the young one with considerable difficulty, so tenacious was its hold on the other's throat. Only a few days ago I found a toad with a young one in the same position and equally difficult to remove. I remember a cook of ours once telling me that she had seen a mother frog in the garden with a little one on its back, and that she had heard it scream. I did not believe it possible at the time, but I have no doubt now that frogs can scream. What I should be interested to know is if the young do habitually kill adults of the species by jumping on their backs and choking them.—V. A. WILSON.

A TAME VIXEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two photographs of a vixen, born *circa* March 25th, in the hill country above Loch Fyne, Argyll, on Lady George Campbell's estate. Taken when six weeks old, she is now at Mr. Douglas Anstruther's at Dagnall, Bucks. Her name is Bobbs or Nipper Miss Mary Martin, who appears in the photographs, has been the centre of the fox's attraction since it came south shortly after it was taken. It will come to her when called by name, sleep in her lap, lick her face and in every way behave as one might expect from a cross puppy and kitten. It is very fond of water and now prefers it to milk; raw eggs or small rabbits and mice, together with bread and milk and cooked red meat, form its chief diet, with cheese as a great luxury. It seems to do better when fed heavily in the evening; this is possibly due to its being close shut in its kennel at night. For the rest, regular four-hourly small meals seem to be satisfactory. The vixen is very healthy and playful and is fast getting its long coat. In the day it is chained on a 14ft. chain on a mound, and in the south-west side of this has made itself a kennel about 3ft. deep in which it prefers to eat its raw food; for the rest it is more inclined to take

to its wooden box kennel when frightened. Numerous cats and dogs are about, and the vixen advises them all, with arched back and spitting like a cat, to keep off the mound, the only exception being a bob-tailed sheepdog puppy bitch about seven weeks old, and with her the vixen plays as freely as she does with an old football. I am anxious to hear of crosses between a vixen and a Cairn or fox-terrier. If anyone having experience will communicate with me I shall be grateful.—D. T. A.



"BOBBS" ALIAS "NIPPER" WITH A FRIEND.

RIFLE PRACTICE AT ETON COLLEGE



THE TWO HUNDRED YARDS FIRING POINT.

A GOOD many people wonder why the Public School teams competing at Bisley for the Ashburton Shield put in such excellent scores, but the reason is that they receive what is probably the best musketry training course which the country provides at the present moment. In the first place, there is, perhaps, no more desirable appointment for the really first-class and mentally suitable men leaving the Army than the care of a Public School O.T.C. Our schools, therefore, start with the pick among the fittest of musketry instructors, who have also to be rigid disciplinarians of the velvet-glove type. Among boys of the type considered there are plentiful specimens with the instinct of shooting bred in the bone, and it is from these that the VIII is recruited. Having recently been invited by the Adjutant of Eton College O.T.C. to supplement my experience of their miniature-range shooting by witnessing their work with full-power ammunition, I journeyed down on the day when a match was due to be shot against a team of the 3rd Coldstream Guards. Eton's range is but five minutes' walk from the main school buildings, and is situated on that vast expanse of flat which owns Staines' reservoir as its most conspicuous feature on the map. It can hardly be a tricky range, for there are few masses of trees of sufficient bulk to induce wind vagaries, but during the greater part of the day the sun is behind the butts and makes the tin-hat target rather a vague and indefinite aiming mark.

The Coldstream Guards had sent down a good team, but the steadiness of the Eton boys and their perfect knowledge of their weapons enabled them to win by a handsome margin. I understood that the Eton team were allowed the convenience of using the wind adjustment, while the regulars have this valuable auxiliary definitely put out of action—a concession, I suppose, to the military theory of what constitutes practical marksmanship. The difference on this occasion was not considerable, for the tricky quattering wind varied from nothing to one "click" right. One of the Guardsmen told me that the occasion of a previous match with Eton gave him the first opportunity of learning the zero of his already much-used rifle, for it was the first time he had enjoyed the privilege of having individual shots spotted on the target. The military system of marksmanship is certainly full of undigested ideas, many of which would, in my opinion, be purged out of the system if those in charge wore out rather more boot leather—perhaps I should say Phillips' soles—by maintaining closer contact than at present with the actual work done on the ranges. In the course of my visits to the Public Schools I was assured on several occasions that very little encouragement was given by way of inspections from headquarters. There were plenty of forms to fill in, but seldom a personal visit to the ranges. Anyhow, Public Schools do work hard to earn the scores which come as an annual surprise to the rifle-shooting world.

MAX BAKER.

THE GREAT FLOWER SHOW AT HOLLAND HOUSE

THE first great Summer Show of the Royal Horticultural Society to be held in London since 1916 opened on Tuesday, 5th inst., at Holland House, Kensington. There is too much reason to fear that it may prove the last to be held at this convenient venue. The drought notwithstanding, it was a really big show—bigger even, we think, than in previous years. The quality of the exhibits as a whole was excellent. Of the flowers exhibited the only ones that were noticeably not quite up to the usual standard were roses, delphiniums and sweet peas. That is not to say that there were no beautiful flowers staged in these sections. On the contrary!

The rose exhibit of Mr. Elisha Hicks of Twyford, which won the "Wigan" Cup, had some very perfect blooms of Mrs. Elisha Hicks and George Dickson, to name but two varieties. Close examination showed even on this display many scorched blossoms and many damaged by thrip. To Messrs. Walter Easlea and Co.'s Prince of Wales was awarded the "Clay" Cup for the best rose with true old rose scent. This is a very pleasing variety as exhibited, not very full—a failing, if it be one, common to many of the newer roses—and, perhaps, a trifle thin in petal; but should it prove to have a good constitution—and it has excellent credentials—its fragrance should ensure its popularity.

A collection of sweet peas staged by A. Jewell, gardener to Mr. T. H. Mann, would have been highly meritorious in a favourable season and would, under normal conditions, well have held its own in open competition. In such a season as the present the quality was surprising. Very good and clean were the masses of this effective flower staged by Messrs. Dobbie and Co. and Messrs. Sutton and Sons. In most cases, however, the hot sun had faded and thrips had disfigured the petals so that the groups were hardly so bright from a distance nor nearly so clean on close inspection as they would have been under more favourable circumstances.

The magnificent stature and length of spike of Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon's delphiniums and also those of Mr. Watkin Samuel put up for award were quite remarkable. Such spikes could only have been obtained on varieties of exceptional merit by the employment of much skill and care in cultivation. Mr. Samuel's varieties to receive awards were Jenny Jones, Cambria and Winsome; the first-named, a combination of blue-purple and azure, was especially noteworthy.

Stove and greenhouse plants were, as usual, well represented. The gloxinias of Messrs. Carter and Co. and Messrs. Peed were altogether admirable, and perpetual-flowering carnations were magnificently staged by Mr. Englemann. Messrs. Cuthberts of Southgate had a huge bank of their new streptocarpus, which approach in size the gloxinia and are now to be had in beautiful self colours as well as the older form with characteristic venation. Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon and Messrs. Bastin and Son had glowing masses of incredibly perfect begonias, and Messrs. Peed a wonderful mound of caladiums.

Annuals, except for the sweet peas, were but sparsely represented, though Messrs. Sutton and Sons had fine larkspurs and sweet sultans. Messrs. Jarman and Co. sweet sultans (a speciality of the firm) and Messrs. Carter and Co. a very large range of colour in the showy *eschscholzia*.

Messrs. T. Rivers and Sons, Sawbridgeworth, had a splendid collection of fruits in pots—peaches, nectarines, cherries and plums—every tree laden with ripe fruit. In addition to the inevitable gold medal the silver Lindley medal was awarded especially for culture. Messrs. George Bunyard and Co. had also some well fruited trees, including early apples. Messrs. Laxton had beautiful strawberries and red currants. There were no vegetables, if one excepts a melon put up for award!

A regular feature at the big spring and summer shows has been for some years the formal and rock and water gardens, built evidently from two distinct points of view, one set of exhibitors being clearly out to display their ability as garden designers, the other class being anxious only to display their flowers to advantage. To the latter class belonged the water garden of Messrs. R. Wallace and Co., to which was awarded the Challenge Cup for the best exhibit in the Show. As a garden design it was worthless, as a beautiful picture it was admirable. Close beside it Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons had a miniature paved terrace garden very substantially built with stone walling and steps and a recessed lily tank that on a larger scale might be used with excellent effect. Outdoors, Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons had a very pleasing garden with a raised lily tank and paved paths laid simply and directly as should be, but carried out in too small crazy paving. The beds and borders were filled with hardy and half-hardy annuals and perennials in shades of blue and mauve.

There was but one rock garden, and that one was for the season of the year very creditably furnished. Messrs. C. G. Whitelegg and Co., who constructed it, used natural weather-worn limestone which, properly disposed, gives excellent effects.

Messrs. Piper and Son of Bayswater had a water garden under canvas, but this belonged to the pictorial class already referred to. It formed a pleasing if not natural setting to a variety of trees and plants.

In the Scientific Tent, which, though it contains a great deal of more or less useful information, does not seem generally popular, among numbers of garden pictures—some of them quite charming—were several sets of garden designs by Mr. Percy Cane. The photographs exhibited were of exceptional interest and beauty.

Other exhibits of exceptional merit were Messrs. John Waterer Sons and Crisp's topiary—the golden specimens were in splendid colour—Mr. C. H. Herbert's new race of garden pinks (*Dianthus Herberti*)

which are destined to become very popular, Messrs. Allwood's Allwoodii which have already achieved popularity, Mr. James Douglas' new clove-scented and border carnations, and Mr. James Macdonald's exhibit of grasses.

The Donard Nursery Company of Newcastle, County Down, and Messrs. Hillier and Sons of Winchester had fascinating if not spectacular exhibits of new and rare hardy shrubs. Messrs. Hillier's exhibit in particular was brimful of interest and a long time might profitably have been spent there. Messrs. Amos Perry's exhibit of lilies and ferns was one of the coolest and most charming in the Show.

Messrs. William Wood and Son, Taplow, had a quite remarkable collection of garden ornaments in stone, terra-cotta and other materials, also a very pleasing thatched summer-house or pavilion of a kind but seldom seen at these shows. R. V. G. W.

THE ESTATE MARKET GLEMHAM HALL, SUFFOLK

GLEMHAM HALL, Lord Gufford's Suffolk seat near Wickham Market, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Lofts and Warner for private sale, the joint agents being Messrs. Moore, Garrard and Son. The estate of 2,900 acres, on the main road from London to Lowestoft, is eight miles from the sea and has an area of 2,900 acres, excellent sporting land, and it is close to a number of golf links. Glemham Hall was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of January 1st, 1910 (page 18).

The last of the Glemhams died about the year 1650. The estate then passed by purchase to the Norths, one of whom, Dudley, was noteworthy for altering the front to very much its present aspect. Apparently what he did was to replace the mullioned windows with sashes, except on the top floor at the back of the house. He gave the main entrance front a full Palladian flavour, raising a dull attic storey up in brickwork entirely to hide the roof. Porch and bays were removed and long lines of sash windows inserted. A single feature of the Elizabethan elevation was, curiously enough, retained, and that is the lower section of a pair of stone pilasters, which had been placed between the mullioned windows and had been balanced by similar ones at the porch corners. Inside, the older hall was retained, but the screen was replaced by four fluted Corinthian columns, and the walls wainscoted with the large panels then in vogue, and painted white. A portion of the wall at the back was removed so that a great archway connects the hall with the staircase. The latter is a good example of its date. The twisted balusters, the Corinthian columns of the newels, and the inlay of the string and treads which the staircase displays will answer for the time of George I as well as for that of Queen Anne. The magnificent antique furniture at Glemham Hall was dealt with at considerable length in the article in 1910. There is a very beautiful sundial in the garden which came from Elihu Yale, who endowed the American University which bears his name.

LORD HAMPDEN'S LAND.

VISCOUNT HAMPDEN has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction his Royston properties, comprising eleven farms, about 2,043 acres in extent, and outlying sections of his Hco estate, near Welwyn, comprising holdings, extending to 1,833 acres.

Welstor, Ashburton, an estate of 324 acres adjoining Dartmoor, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Callaway and Co. The former firm has sold 980 acres of Ys'ym Colwyn, at Oswestry, for £31,300.

Sir Harry Lauder has instructed the Hanover Square firm to dispose of his estates in the county of Argyll. The properties, which extend to about 12,000 acres, comprise Island, Invernaden, Ballimore, Glenbranter, Stronchreich and Glenshellish. They are situated partly on Loch Eck and between Loch Eck and Loch Fyne, twelve miles from Dunoon, in the Cur Valley, which is noted for its scenery.

The Grand Hotel, Southwold, facing the sea, is to be offered towards the end of this month under orders from the Court. The hotel was built twenty-two years ago by the Coast Development Company, Limited.

Busbridge Hall, Godalming, with 520 acres, which was recently offered by auction, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Debenham. Messrs. Winkworth and Co. acted on behalf of the purchaser.

A STRATTON STREET MANSION.

NO. 15, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, which was offered by auction just over a year ago by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, has changed hands. A description of the house was published in COUNTRY LIFE of May 15th, 1920. The building took seven years to complete, and the woodwork alone cost £58,000. The modelled plaster ceiling under the gallery in the reception hall is the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, R.A.; the balusters on the first three floors are of oak, modelled by Mr. Stirling Lee and carved by Mr. Frith; the green marble mantelpiece in the billiard room is surmounted by a bronze, executed by Mr. A. G. Walker; Professor Selwyn Image's work is seen in the design of the staircase windows; and the entirety exhibits the genius of the late Mr. Graham Nicholas.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons announce the sale of 9½ acres of building land on Downs Lodge Estate, Epsom, since their auction on June 7th; also of Bury Hill House, Upper Clatford, Andover, with gardens and grassland, in all about 18 acres (in conjunction with F. Ellen and Son), before the auction, which was arranged for this week.

CHANDOS HOUSE, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

CARVED mahogany doors, marble mantelpieces and ceilings with Angelica Kaufmann medallions make Chandos House, Cavendish Square, a town mansion of rare distinction, and it is a fine example of the best period of the work of the Adam Brothers. Electric passenger and service lifts need be mentioned only as proof that the residence has been brought up to modern requirements in every respect. Chandos House is for sale by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. To begin at the beginning of the history of Chandos House is to go back to the days of that "princely" Duke of Chandos who contemplated making a town palace in Cavendish Square and connecting it with Canons, at Edgware, by buying enough land to enable him to travel all the way along his own property. He did not live to compass his schemes. The Cavendish Square palace was to have occupied all the north side of the square, and the two houses which now stand at each end mark the intended extent of the wings, one at the corner of Harley Street, the other at the corner of Chandos Street. The house now in the market is notable for its magnificent suite of reception rooms on the first floor, including a ballroom, and for its fine outer and inner halls and imposing staircase.

HOLLAND PARK AND KEN WOOD.

A STRONG movement is perceptible to secure a review of the decision to place the University of London in Bloomsbury, and the claims of Holland Park as an ideal site are again being pressed. The estate has been described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. I, page 632; Vol. XIII, page 272; and Vol. XVII, page 870). There is an influential party on the Senate of the University and in the London County Council which does not admit that the matter is so irrevocably settled as it would seem to be by reference to agreements that have been entered into, and more will be heard of the subject.

It may, however, be taken as certain that in any event Professor Flinders Petrie's suggestion, announced in these columns last summer, that a portion of Lord Mansfield's Hampstead Heath estate, Ken Wood, should be utilised for the purpose, has finally fallen through. The interesting point about the latter estate is the imminent expiry of the period during which

the Ken Wood Preservation Committee has an option of acquiring Ken Wood. One or two of the North London Borough Councils are interesting themselves to see if funds can be contributed to the purchase money, which is, all things considered, very moderate, namely, £340,000, including the magnificent mansion, showing some of Robert Adam's noble work. Ken Wood was described in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXXIV, page 710), and the Adam library was illustrated on July 26th, 1919. If Londoners succeed in securing Ken Wood, the novelty and variety of the scenery will be a revelation to most of them.

SUSSEX COAST DEVELOPMENT.

MR. C. P. SEROCOLD has purchased Mr. Peter Hawker's Surrey residence at Send, near Guildford, known as Wuzzwood. Messrs. Dibblin and Smith were the agents for Mr. Peter Hawker, and they are to sell, on behalf of Colonel Barry, a large area of Pevensey Marsh and other outlying portions of the Catsfield estate, Sussex. By the way, it is merely a coincidence, doubtless, but very striking, that so much land in that particular part of Sussex is at present in the market. Some of the properties, and especially those with a sea frontage, are selling readily.

The Duke of Devonshire has placed Peelings and 900 acres in the market for sale at Hailsham next Wednesday. It is a genuine Jacobean house with 47 acres, and the rest of the land includes a large tract running right down to the beach at Normans Bay, Cooden, between Eastbourne and Bexhill.

Lord Willington spent a very large amount on the Willington property, known as Ratton, near Eastbourne, which Messrs. Collins and Collins are to offer for sale in October. It is a modern mansion in the Elizabethan style, a mile from the station at Hampton Park on the L.B. & S.C. Railway, adjoining a golf course, and looking out over the English Channel. Ratton has beautiful gardens, a park of 130 acres, and the total area of farms, woods and other land is 541 acres.

A Norman Shaw house, four miles from the Kent coast at Tankerton is for sale with 9 acres of grounds, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. for 5,500 guineas. The firm's auction of Mr. Lionel Robinson's Old Buckenham estate, Norfolk, a modern Elizabethan mansion and over 2,000 acres, with the well known private cricket ground where so many notable games have been played, and the stud farm, is appointed for July 27th at the Mart. Failing an adequate offer in London, the farms are to come under the hammer at Norwich on August 6th.

CROWN LAND AT RUNNYMEDE.

AS the result of the auction of the Crown Egham Farms, Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard were successful in disposing of Whitehall Farm and two enclosures of accommodation land close to the Thames at Runnymede, the total realised being slightly under £7,000. Some excellent results were obtained for the unsold portions of the Highbury Manor estate. Twenty-four lots were submitted, of which twenty-two were sold, in many cases at prices well over the reserves. The total realised was, again, just under £7,000.

An upset price of 6,000 guineas has been named for The Great Hermitage, Higham, and nearly 44 acres, which will be submitted by Messrs. Cobb at the Mart on July 25th. It is freehold, on high ground, overlooking the Thames and Medway, Cobham Woods and the Essex hills in the distance. The house contains features of much interest, ARBITER.